

HERMSPRONG;

O R,

MAN AS HE IS NOT.



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A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF *MAN AS HE IS*.

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Nescis, infane, nescis, quantas vires virtus habeat. Quam illa
ardentes amores excitaret sui, si videretur.

Maxima autem culpa in eo est, qui, et veritatem aspernatur, et in
fraudem obsequio impellitur.

Assentatio vitiorum adjutrix, procul amoveatur; quæ, non modò
amico, sed ne libero quidem digna est.

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HERMSPRONG.



CHAP. I.



IF human nature be always the same, it cannot have changed much since Mr. Addison's time; and there may still be readers who will peruse a book with more satisfaction, when they know something of its author. The question now, perhaps, would not be so much, whether he is tall or short, round-faced or long; as, How does he dress?

Is he a person of any fashion? What his rank? What his condition? But, before I reply to these interrogatories, I must answer another species of curiosity, which may, especially after perusal, arise in the minds of some readers: Why did he write at all?

Not for fame, certainly: No, not for fame; not to instruct the good people of England; for wisdom there is in its greatest perfection; nor is it my intention to make my readers laugh,—for these are serious times; nor weep,—for I must first weep myself, as Horace says, and Melpomene is not my favourite muse; in short, I am not determined to write by any of the reasons which authors usually chuse to assign. My motive is of tolerable universality notwithstanding. Not that I want money neither; but I see those who do,—beggars of princely denomination—on thrones—on wooden legs.

Events have happened in the village which I inhabit, not known to the universe. They relate



relate but little to myself; but that is not my fault: had I been any thing but what I am, I would have chosen to be the principal actor. But who would change an iota of himself? Before I begin a recital of these events, I will reply to the first class of questions, by a full and true account of my birth, parentage, and education.

But why do I talk of parentage? Alas! I am the son of nobody. I was, indeed, begotten by my valiant father, Gregory Grooby, Esq. upon the body of my chaste mother, Ellen Glen. I cannot be so exact as to the time, as was the lovely Countess of Pembroke; but it was a clandestine act, for which my valiant father had no canonical warrant, and for which I am to be punished with all the disabilities the prudence of our laws can provide.

There may be, especially among my fair readers, some who may object to the epithet which I have given my mother; and others

may suspect that of my father not applied with the most perfect propriety : But once for all, I beg leave to give this public information : I am a person infinitely nice in matters of epithet ; and that I never permit an improper one to descend from my pen, or my tongue, unless I am writing a dedication, or addressing a Lord or a Lady, or unless I am making love.

My mother was a blooming girl, brought up in a cottage, and knew nothing but innocence and spinning, till my valiant father undertook to be her preceptor. My maternal ancestors had, I suppose, few records, but many traditions ; one of which is, that my chaste mother defended the citadel of her honour all the preceding summer, and had surrendered, at the close of it, subdued by a too tender heart, and a flowered cotton gown. On the twentieth day of her lying-in, she died of kindness and caudle. The young Squire had sent in a profusion of the latter, and the neighbours supplied the former ; for
though

though the matter was rather a lapse of chastity, or, as they called it, a mishap, yet, considering it was a gentleman's child, there was not much harm done.

My valiant father, in the very month in which my chaste mother died, had arrived at twenty-one. His father had lain two years in the family vault. His estate was 2000*l.* a year. He had a pack of excellent harriers; his springing spaniels were staunch; his greyhounds the fleetest in Devonshire; his cellars were filled with October and Port; and he might have been pronounced a happy man, had the dowager lady possessed a taste as rural as his own; but they disagreed in so many points, that my father, one day, an hour after dinner, signified to her, with abundance of valour, that he should be happy to pay her a visit at her jointure house.

My father must have had no small quantity of tenderness for my mother, for he remembered her several months. His housekeeper,

his butler, and his coachman, were ordered to become sponfors for my faith. He kindly allowed them to give me his own Christian name; and, finally, ordered three shillings a week to be paid my great grandmother for my maintenance, and two pounds of the best shag per annum, by way of super-remuneration.

But, alas! the old lady was almost eighty, and almost blind, and as soon as she had nursed me into rickets, withdrew from the world, and left me to the care of a great aunt, a labourer's wife, stout and hearty; under whose care I throve well till I was ten years old. Her husband dying, she was driven, by the humanity of our poor laws, to a very distant parish, and I was transferred to the care of Goody Peat, from whose hands I received victuals not too abundant; but accompanied with abundant thumps, to facilitate digestion, and pious wishes, that every mouthful might choak me. Under her care I grew lean apace, and might soon have been settled to the satisfaction of my valiant father, to whom

whom I was now becoming troublesome, had it not been for a meddling parson, who knew something of law, and something of gospel ; and who did not find that murder, even of a bastard, was sanctified by either.

The doers of good in our parish, and perhaps in others, might have been divided into three classes: Those who do it for pity, or for piety ; those who do it for the sake of the report ; and those who never do it at all. This latter class was said to be far the most numerous ; but this I take to be the *scandalum humani generis*, and as deserving of the pilory as the *scandalum magnatum*, at least. At the head of the second class stood my father's house ; the first, far from branching out into *genera* and *species*, consisted of a single individual, namely, Parson Brown himself.

Mr. Brown was too respectable a man, too much beloved by his parish, and too able to divide it even against the Squire himself, to be quite overlooked at the hall. He was a

cheerful companion also ; and as he never assumed any learned airs, my valiant father was well enough pleased, upon a rainy day, to have him the companion of his pipe.

One dull day they were thus employed, when Mr. Brown, glad to embrace the opportunity, said, " I fear that sweet boy, little Greg. Glen, is not in good hands."

My valiant father had been married two years ; and having begun to make boys and girls canonically, did not like to hear of any thing done in that way before the consecrated æra. He made, therefore, some slight answer which rather irritated the parson, who being, upon proper occasions, a determined speaker, said, that when people took the trouble to beget children, they ought to take the trouble to provide for them.

To this the Squire answered, " He thought he had not been deficient in that duty :

duty: ten pounds a year was a sufficient allowance for the maintenance of a bastard."

The parson's face kindled at this expression. He told the Squire it was harsh, it was unnatural, it was inhuman. My valiant father now felt his own anger rise. On such occasions he swore. He met the parson's reproof for that indecency also; and, in short, they became so loud, that Mrs. Grooby, a most respectable woman, who heard the altercation, but knew not the cause, thought it necessary to interfere by her presence.

On her entrance, my father found his rage subside in a moment; Mr. Brown ceased, from a motive of politeness; and to the lady's question, the Squire answered, "Pshaw!—nothing—nonsense—politics!"

Mrs. Grooby retired, saying it was a privileged subject for anger. "And yet," she added, "I wonder it has not been yet fully felt that anger renders all argument useless; for

in that state of the mind, truth can neither be discovered nor perceived."

Mr. Brown felt the force of this observation ; and the obvious inference was, that he was not taking the right way to the object he had in view. No, irritation was not the right way. Adulation,—but that he hated adulation,—was a surer method ; and it could not be sinful,—not very sinful ; if it were, would so many of his worthy brethren make it the common path to a benefice, or to a mitre?

This mental soliloquy passed pretty rapidly on. At the end of it, Mr. Brown, in a softened tone of voice, said, " No, Mr. Grooby, no, you cannot think of making him a barber,—(for such a hint my father had dropped)—no, you cannot,—I know your generous temper is above that. He is the prettiest boy in the parish, and resembles you so perfectly, that people would be apt to think you

used him hardly. Barbers' shops, you know, are receptacles of scandal."

"What the devil would you have me do with him," asked my father, "make him a parson?"

"Yes," Mr. Brown replied; "yes, Mr. Grooby, I think I would: it is an excellent thought; it may be inspiration, for any thing I know. I am positive the boy has genius. If you bring him up to the church, you may give him this living; I will engage to resign whenever he claims."

"This living!" said my valiant father, and he swore too, the better to express his surprise at so extravagant a demand; "no, Master Parson, I'll have no bastard of mine spitting fire and brimstone at me from the pulpit. No, parson, that's too much. And the consistency! He must not be a barber, because of the prate; and yet you would stick up his damned handsome face, so like my own, as you are pleased to say, in a pulpit, as a perpetual memento of my youthful indiscretions."

Mr. Brown did not gain much upon my father in this conversation ; but as no time was to be lost, he sought opportunities of renewing it ; and, at length, peace was concluded on the following conditions :—that I should be consigned over to Mr. Brown, to do with me what he pleased, except making me a parson ; that during Mr. Brown's life, he should receive 50*l.* per annum, for my board and education ; and that, when he died, I should have an annuity, secured on land, of 80*l.* per annum, provided I left Patten-place, and did not presume to settle within forty miles of my father's residence,

In his youth, Mr. Brown had been upon the point of marriage. The lady died ; and he could never replace her to his satisfaction. He was a bachelor, therefore, and considering me as deodand, took me home, and became my preceptor. Mr. Brown was not a profound scholar ; but he knew something of every thing. I was taught a little Latin, a little mathematics, some botany, a sprinkling

of chemistry, a portion of theology, with some history ; and the belles lettres came as they could.

I was yet in my seventeenth year, when Mr. Brown's only brother, a mercer, in Exeter, died. He was supposed to be rich ; and might have been so, but that his wife preferred, as ladies are oft inclined to do, gentility to accumulation. She died a year before her husband, leaving one child only, a daughter, imbued with her precepts, and possessed of her inclinations. Soon after her father's death, this young lady came to her uncle's to reside ; and brought with her a pretty face, soft melting eyes, and a heart that—but for her looking-glass—must have burst with grief.

For she had lost not a father only, but a fortune ; and with it two affluent lovers, each capable of keeping her a coach. No event is better calculated to shew young ladies the fordid nature of man. When I have enumerated

merated her accomplishments, who would believe, that a diminution of a single cipher in her fortune—a simple taking away of 0 from 5000l.—should change the hearts of men?

Brought up under a careful mother, who considered the embellishments of person as the first great duty of woman, Miss Brown learned to dress with the most enchanting elegance, and to animate a pale cheek with the milk of roses. Nor was her mind neglected: No,—it was adorned with all the literature which this learned age has produced for the service of the ladies. To the novels of the present day were added the *Cassandras* and *Cleopatras*,—the classics of a century or two preceding: besides this, she was no small proficient in music; and could actually perform several songs upon the piano-forte, very much to the envy of her less accomplished companions. And must money be added to all this? Heavens! what things are men!

See then this charmer transported to Patten-place, where there was nobody to charm. She wept; it would have softened a tiger—and I was not a tiger; but I was a child, and wholly incapable of giving her the consolation she wanted. At length, indeed, I was permitted to seek crow-quills for her piano-forte, when her grief was softened by time. At length she accepted from my hands, drawings to work in gauze; and, to complete my felicity, I was allowed to read the sublime *Cassandra* to her, while she worked in the summer evenings, in a little alcove at the bottom of the garden. What draughts of love I drank! who, that had seen the soft languish of her eyes, whilst I read the sublime meltings of the soul of *Oroondates*—who would not have thought she had drank too?

All at once, toward the close of the year, this delirium of bliss was dissolved by an event so extraordinary,—so unexpected,—so impossible,—that, in short, my fair *Statira* was

was ravished from my longing eyes, by a young hero, who measured cloth in a neighbouring town. This unheard-of injustice inspired me with the very soul of Artaxerxes; and I determined to pursue the detested ravisher to the extremities of the earth. It was necessary, however, to provide arms for this heroic enterprize; and I had no money. The question too, whether my princess might not have been carried away by her own consent, would sometimes arise. It occurred to me, that, whenever the cloth-merchant came, they were shut up in the parlour together; and I began to doubt, whether this circumstance arose, as I had hitherto supposed, solely from the difficulty the young lady found in chusing amongst the many patterns of elegance, which, I concluded, he came to offer to her acceptance.

If this were so, what had I to do with vengeance? Nothing. But what,—since I had lost all that made it desirable,—what had I to do with life? A noble disdain of this trivial thing,

thing, called existence, took possession of me : I resolved to lay the burthen down ; and was only perplexed by the mode : I knew that pistols were the fashionable instruments, but I had them not ; my heroic soul disdained a halter ; the brook, which ran irriguous through the vale of Patten-place, was a pitiful brook ; it would have disgraced my cause to have been found in it ; so, as it was not more than twenty miles distant, I resolved to throw myself into the ocean.

This magnanimous exploit was no sooner determined upon, than I became all eagerness for the execution. I set out the next morning, and as I walked with anger, I walked with speed. My valiant heart would scarce submit to the calls of hunger, which were strong and importunate. I had in my pocket three shillings and one penny ; and becoming rather faint, I yielded to the invitation of our holy champion, St. George, who was slaying the dragon at the door of a decent fabric.

I did

I did not at this time know the turpitude of the crime I was going to commit ; I did not know it was murder, and of all murders the most flagitious. I might kill another man, and repent ; but I could not repent of killing myself ; nor could God ever forgive me for rushing into his sacred presence without a passport.

All this I did not then know ; I only knew how Cato, how Brutus, how Sappho died, and thought I was going to be great like them. Yet I had not totally forgot Mr. Brown ; and, toward the end of my walk, I did shed a few unheroic tears at the thoughts of parting with him for ever ; and determined to take a grateful farewell by letter, that I might not add suspense to the distress with which I was going to afflict him.

This letter was written whilst my hostess of the George was preparing the last meal I ever was to eat. It was a pathetic story of my sufferings, and of my resolution to end them.

It

It said, " Who would groan, and bear the pangs of despised love ?" and it finished with a farewell, as sad as I could find words to make it. This letter I sealed and directed ; then put it in my pocket, with an intention to drop it into the post-office at Lime, through which the road to Heaven, I had made choice of, lay.

Dorchester beer was written in large characters over the door of the house. I ordered a tankard, and, being thirsty with my walk, took off half at my first draught. I felt myself and my courage both much strengthened by the operation ; and I continued it till I had swallowed three tankards. Thus armed, I paid my reckoning with great liberality, resumed my walk and my purpose ; and am of opinion, could I have reached the sea, nothing would have prevented my plunging headlong in—but the sight of it. But to my longing eyes this sight was denied.

In

In the remembrance of what passed this important day, I have very much failed ; I know only that I waked from sleep, and found myself on a bed, in a strange room, with an elderly woman sitting by the side of it.

I was seized, on my waking, with a violent sickness ; a medical gentleman came to my relief, but did not relieve me ; and a certain Mrs. Garnet stood by me, with pity in her looks. In time the fit abated ; the man of medicine gave me a composing draught ; and I was put to bed. I slept much and long ; and awaked with no complaint but the head-ache, and a degree of nausea.

Invited to the breakfast table of Mrs. Garnet, I went down with great confusion of face ; for I had eat of the tree of knowledge, and was ashamed. My confusion was not much abated by the presence of a young lady, who could not compose her muscles to a proper expression of gravity during my examination, which was entered upon very politely,

politely, but rather too soon, by Mrs. Garnet.

Her very first question was embarrassing.
“ May I be permitted, young gentleman, to enquire your name ?”

I blushed ; I thought of my valiant father ; the name of Grooby was in my head, but timidity was at my heart ; and I answered, stammeringly, “ Gregory Glen.”

“ Have you parents living ?”

This was still worse ; I blushed my deepest dye, though I never could well tell at what ; and with some hesitation I answered, “ No.”

“ Relations, Sir ?”

“ No, Madam ; I am under the care of the Reverend Mr. Brown, of Patten-place.”

“ Oh ! I have heard of him, and probably of you, Sir. Business, I presume, brought you to Lime !”

Worse

Worse and worse ! I thought Mrs. Garnet very disagreeable, and the young lady very impertinent, for she broke into a titter at the question ; indeed Mrs. Garnet reproved her, and said very kindly to me, “ Do not let us distress you, young gentleman ; I have no motive for this enquiry but your good.”

I had hung down my head at the lady's last question, determined upon a sort of fullen silence ; but the tone of her voice raised my eyes up to her face, and I saw in it nothing but benignity. I was emboldened by it, and said, I must own, in a perplexed strain of eloquence, “ I fear, Madam,—I am afraid I have been very troublesome ; but indeed—indeed, Madam,—it is the first time—and I hope I shall never repeat it.”

“ I hope so too,” she answered. “ You fell into bad company ?”

“ No, Madam ; I have not so good an excuse.”

“ It must be some extraordinary motive, Sir, that could induce you to commit such an excess

excess alone ; but you seem an extraordinary young gentleman. May I, without rudeness, again ask the nature of your business here ?”

“ Business ! Madam,—I can’t say I have business. To be sure, I had an intent,—a design——”

The young lady strove not to laugh.

“ Yes,” Mrs. Garnet answered, “ you had an intent ; a strange, presumptuous, and, permit me to say, wicked intent.”

She then read me a long lecture on the subject of suicide ; and I was astonished to find all the torments of the damned would have been my portion, for considering my life as my own property, and throwing it away when I was weary of it.

Mrs. Garnet having concluded, Miss Bently said, with as much gravity as her roguish face could assume, “ Madam, your reprehension has been too severe. You have not
fully

fully considered the importance of the cause. Do you reflect that it is love, Madam? love, which excuses, nay sanctifies, all mad actions. Besides, the lover's leap is now so rare an occurrence, it must immortalize the man who jumps. Perhaps Mr. Glen thought of this?"

Mrs. Garnet, without noticing Miss Bently's raillery, continued thus: "When we feared your life was in danger, we searched for your pocket-book, that we might know whence you came, and advertise your friends. We found a letter to Mr. Brown, and this informed us of your purpose and its cause. I hope you now see your error?"

"Oh dear!" cries Miss Bently, "but I hope love is a better counsellor. The torch of true love is almost extinct among our present race of beaux. It wants kindling at the altar of Sappho. I hope Mr. Glen will not think of relinquishing his charming design. To be sure, I do not like death in any shape; but in a cause so important, I really think I
could

could attend Mr. Glen, and even give him a push, if I saw his courage fail."

I ventured now, for the first time, to look up in the face of the lady who was giving me this hopeful advice. It was a lovely face; had archness in its expression, but not ill-nature; and I ventured to say, "She could not, for her heart, push me on with half the force her eyes would pull me back."

"Oh! for certain," says she, "I know my eyes have prodigious power to pull; they pulled you over a stile yesterday with such force, we feared you had broke your bones. Do you remember running, or rather staggering after a young woman whom you called your Statira. I was your Statira; I ran, however, from my Oroondates, and clambered over the stile as fast as possible. So, indeed, did you. I looked back, as Daphne did at Apollo; but my Apollo was now a dull mass of earth. I feared the spirit might have taken its flight to Olympus; so I ran to acquaint Mrs. Garnet—and——"

How long Miss Bently would have persisted in this lively persecution, or how many gods and heroes she would have called to her aid, I know not. She was interrupted by a servant announcing Mr. Brown. It was my revered patron, to whom Mrs. Garnet had wrote the evening before.

To relate the remaining minutiae of this affair would be equally tedious and useless. Mr. Brown's reprehension was at once kind and severe. He used arguments to cure my folly; Miss Bently—eyes. Which had the greatest effect, I dare not pronounce; but I was cured.

This affair laid the foundation of a friendship betwixt Mrs. Garnet and Mr. Brown. It was supported by kind offices and reciprocal visits. I availed myself often of it; nay even drank again of the cup of love. I did not, however, get drunk again, nor apply to the ocean for relief, when my dear Miss Bently gave her hand to a merchant of Lime: it was

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folly, that I lost my benefactor. How grateful to me is his remembrance! His niece was, as she ought to be, the heiress of his property, except his books, and the sum of 200l. which he bequeathed to me.

I was now, by condition, to migrate, or forfeit my father's settlement. "The world was all before me, where to fix my place of rest;" so I fixed it in London; not doubting, that in so universal a market for talents, mine also would find their value. I had a recommendation, from a friend of Mrs. Garnet's, to a city acquaintance, who introduced me into genteel company. I was also admitted in a compting-house, a fortnight's occupation of which convinced me that my genius was not the genius of multiplication and division. I next got an introduction to a club of literati. I drank of the waters of Helicon, and produced some pieces of poetry which I thought sublime. I could not bring the booksellers to a coincidence with this opinion; and their impertinent requisitions of im-

improvement soon rendered their society inconvenient to my feelings.

Instead of an opening for the exercise of my talents, I found one in my purse, through which had flowed, in eight little months, the sum total of my legacy: such is the force of genteel company, genteel cloaths, and genteel reckonings. I correct myself. I had saved 50l. out of this sum, by laying it out in books, music, and mathematical instruments.

It was, however, no unfavourable circumstance, that as my purse declined, I began to call the amusements of London frivolous, and when it was exhausted, I said they were contemptible. *O rus! quando te ego aspiciam,* was oft upon my lips; and I read Thomson's Seasons by way of corroborant. Yet, though I sighed for the country, and detested, or said I detested, the town, it was not without some violence that I prevailed upon my legs to carry me over Westminster Bridge one fine morning in May. As I advanced,

vanced, I congratulated myself on my escape, looked back, and sighed; saw St. Paul's towering with majestic grandeur; became sensible I had not sufficiently examined that superb edifice; walked one hundred yards towards it; felt in my pockets; called the town a sink of iniquity; turned again, and trod, with angry strides, the road to Exeter.

At Exeter lived the banker to whom I was to apply for my annuity. Half a year was due. Thus recruited, I went forward to see, and take leave of my kind Mrs. Garnet; for Lime was within the forbidden precincts. Alas! I saw her not: a fatal accident had involved her in the greatest grief: a vessel of Mr. Garnet's, returning from Jamaica, was wrecked on the Scilly Islands, himself on board. All was lost: no life spared,—no part of the cargo recovered! I heard, however, she was surrounded by friends; and as I was every way unable to assist her, I
willingly

willingly spared to her, and to myself, the addition of grief which an interview would have produced.

This good woman had often spoke with pleasure of the village of Grondale, on the borders of Cornwall. It was her native place. I had long desired to see it; and if it answered Mrs. Garnet's description, I thought it would suit my taste as a residence. With this intention I proceeded.

Just on this side the village, I crossed a widely-extended heath, called Lippen-moor; rude, rocky, craggy, and furnishing only a fine short grass to a small number of sheep. On the edge of this moor, I was struck with a prospect the most beautiful I thought I had ever seen. It was a narrow, but fertile valley, watered by the small river Gron. The opposite bank was a gentle declivity, on which were to be seen six villages or hamlets, many agreeable houses, with woods, corn-fields, and

pasture. This was a varied view of several miles in length.

Just under my feet, at the bottom of the valley, was the small clean village of Grondale, with its spire in the centre, almost hid by the lofty elms, and orchard trees, which contribute to form the singular beauty of this little spot. Up the Gron, on the right, stand the ruins of a convent, many centuries the domicile of a succession of holy drones, who buzzed about, sucked the fairest flowers of the vale, and stung where they could extract no honey.

Above this ruin, on the summit of a hill, are the remains of the Castle of Grondale. One tower is left, and enough of the battlements to shew how a savage grandeur once fortified its own tyranny against the tyranny of others.

But

But the most pleasing of all the objects now under my view, is a stately structure of the Gothic kind, half modernized, once the seat of friendship and hospitality,—now of Lord Grondale.

When I had fatiated myself with this delightful prospect, I descended to the village, where I found a spacious public-house. Here I took up my abode a few days ; every one of which increased my inclination to become an inhabitant. Two agreeable apartments I found at the house of a respectable widow, where I have resided five years.

By the aid of philosophy, I have got rid of ambition ; and, may it please Venus, I hope also of love. I amuse myself sometimes with the Georgium Sidus, with my pen, my pencil, my fiddle ; sometimes with shuttle-cocks and butterflies. I have nothing to do but what I like ; and my prin-

cipal embarrassment has been, to find what I liked to do.

But of myself I have spoke long enough ; let me now speak of others ; more particularly of those who have some connexion with those recent events which have induced me to write this veritable history.

CHAP. II.

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OF the animated beings of the vale, high towers above the rest, in rank and wealth, the great Lord Grondale. Indeed he had been always supereminent. In his younger years, when only Sir Henry Campinet, he was a man of the very first ton : he acknowledged no superior in matters of gallantry ; and had not many in the two great trades carried on at Newmarket, and in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

This is a sober, a very sober age ; and yet men, even great men, contrive to procure themselves the drinking diseases of older times. Upon Sir Henry the gout had spent its force at the early age of forty ; and had left him a tolerable complication of diseases. On the approach to sixty, his present age, his once blooming complexion had been yellowed by jaundice, and his jolly person emaciated by some one or other of the marasmi.

His political career was short, and much *à-la-mode d'Angleterre*, in the 18th century. He began with Opposition ; but his orations not being remarkable for brilliancy or depth, his ambition could not be decently supported by flattery ; and as there was no emolument, there was no stimulus for avarice. Some necessities arising, from want of success in commerce—I mean the commerce of the great,—induced him to turn his thoughts toward Administration. There he was certain of reception, for he was admirably gifted. He was not addicted to scruples, and had, besides,

several Cornish boroughs. He accepted an office; was, like many of his predecessors, instantly illumined, and felt the error of his former perceptions.

But at Court, they say, appetite grows by what it feeds on, till it becomes insatiable. Sir Henry asked, I suppose, and was denied; for there is a fatal necessity imposed upon Ministers, of denying sometimes. He returned back to Opposition; himself indeed, despised by both parties, but not so his boroughs. At length the ministerial manager of that branch of traffic bade him a Barony for them; and Sir Henry Campinet was metamorphosed into Lord Grondale.

Whether this was done by writ, or by patent, I never enquired. It is sufficient for me to know, I mean by their effects on the fortunate few they light upon, that they are charming things both; that they raise man far above man, and nearer to the divinity, since kings have once more become divine; and  
enable

enable him to look down on the leffer inhabitants of this best of worlds, with a due consciousness of his great superiority.

Lord Grondale had run a long race of pleasure, and had begun to feel its pains and penalties, before he thought of an heir for his illustrious house. For this laudable purpose he made choice of the younger of two sister ladies; a lovely woman, and good as beautiful, with no great fortune, and still less of fashionable propensities. This lady was mistress of Grondale Hall about eight years, and brought his Lordship three children, all females—an affront Lord Grondale never could forgive. She died,—not quite of a broken heart, and not much indebted to Lord Grondale for kindness, one child only surviving her. It was her dying request to his Lordship, that this daughter, Caroline, should be brought up by Mrs. Merrick, her sister, who, in order to be near Lady Grondale had settled in a small, but elegant house, in the parish of Grondale; almost the only  
one



one not his Lordship's property. This request his kind Lordship was so good as to grant, with more pleasure to himself than he chose to shew externally ; for it would render his freedom more perfect ; and Grondale Hall might again become the summer seat of those pleasures which Bacchus, which Venus, which Mercury, are said to preside over, if Mercury be the deity of cards and dice.

But for the practice of this class of pleasures, London has such superior accommodation, that Lord Grondale was seldom at his country seat, till a long fit of gout, a consequent debility, and the advice of his physicians sent, or more properly, exiled him thither. In a situation so forlorn, some men would have thought of a daughter, now growing into loveliness, for a companion ; and of Mrs. Merrick for the superintendence of his household. But this must suppose a vast change in his Lordship's manner of thinking ; and it was his body, not his mind, which had undergone the change. He fixed, therefore,

upon a Mrs. Stone, an officer's widow, and a person of great merit, his Lordship said ; and who was so good as to condescend to take upon herself this heavy load of superintendence.

To this lady the society of her own sex was insipid ; and Grondale Hall was freed from the impertinent intrusion of dowager ladies, and ladies of rigid decorum. Instead of these, it received into its capacious bosom a few gentlemen of his Lordship's acquaintance, who, when the town was empty, had the goodness to take their summer recreations at Grondale, and indulge his Lordship with a taste of his once dear amusements.

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CHAP. III.  
  


THE next person upon the canvas, is Dr. Blick, Rector of Grondale and Sithin ; a man perfectly orthodox in matters of church and state, such as these bad times require ; and, thank Heaven, we have plenty of them. Dr. Blick's merit was indeed great ; I cannot say it had been fully rewarded. Hitherto he had arisen in the church no higher than a poor Canon, which, with the product of three livings, for he had one in commendam, scarce pro-

produced him 1000l. a year. But if he joins to that merit, which now leads to honours, the agreeable art of assentation, no man knows to what dignities he may arise. Dr. Blick could not accuse himself of any neglect of this art, where the application might be useful, more especially to his patron, Lord Gron-dale; whose peculiar merit he conceived to be such, that even a Bishopric, could he be induced to ask it for a friend, would scarce be refused him by Administration. He was therefore much devoted to his Lordship, and, at his express desire, had qualified for a justice of peace; in which capacity he had been of use to his Lordship, in those little animosities which great men do admit to their bosoms on great occasions; such as killing a hare or partridge without due qualification, or voting against a candidate whose cause they espouse.

There is a person—*vel hic vel hæc*—no matter,—who does me the favour to marshal my commas and colons,—regulate my ifs and ands,—and correct my errors of ortho-



orthography, who at this place surpris'd, and indeed vexed me by a bolder criticism. "So far," says my critic, "you have amused yourself with drawing characters; if that be the end and intention of your book, I have nothing more to say than to advise you to study brevity and Theophrastus. If your design be, as I understood it, to exhibit actions and events, I submit it to your superior judgment, if it might not be altogether as agreeable to your readers, to form for themselves the characters of your drama, from their good or evil deeds. Tell us what they do, and we shall be able to find out whether they were wise or foolish, rough or smooth, discreet or vain, or drunk or sober." To which I replied,—but whether by a kiss or a cuff, I am not at present disposed to say. It is sufficient to acknowledge, that the remark, when I had taken a proper time to digest it, had its weight, and determin'd me to come more immediately to the relation of those matters which induced me to add one more to the numerous list of authors.

CHAP.

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CHAP. IV.  


MRS. MERRICK, the maternal aunt of Miss Campinet, was a maiden lady, who, having in her youth been deserted by her lover for a richer woman, had ever since looked upon the dark side of man, shunned his intercourse, and almost secluded herself from society. Habit, and an unbounded affection for her aunt, who well deserved it, had rendered Miss Campinet as much a recluse as herself. To this young lady, therefore,

fore, books and music were necessities of life; to which she added drawing, and the various arts of the needle. Nature had been extremely indulgent to her, both in mind and person; if it is indulgence to give that dangerous thing called beauty, and that unprofitable quality, benevolence.

Hitherto, indeed, her beauty had bloomed to the desert air, and her benevolence had been confined to the distressed and humble beings of the valley. The character of her dress, as it was little directed to the gratification of vanity, was elegant simplicity; a term which, with equal justice, might be applied to her mind.

Lord Grondale was not wholly ignorant that he had such a daughter; he even saw her sometimes; although there was, from some cause or other, a sort of repulsive power betwixt Mrs. Merrick and Mrs. Stone, which kept them from approaching each other. Miss Campinet's allowance, from her father,

was

was 200*l.* per annum, for board and all expences. From a man of Lord Grondale's fortune, it might have been more; but his Lordship had now become avaricious, and did not beside, like to hear of any charities but his own. Mrs. Merrick's household, formed upon the interest of 7000*l.* could not be large: three female servants, two male, two horses, and a chair;—the last lately purchased, for the sake of frequent airings for Mrs. Merrick, now, unhappily, in a declining state.



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CHAP. V.  
  
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IT was a fine autumnal evening, when I, the humble writer of these memoirs, returning from an afternoon's visit to the curate of Sithin, saw a sort of wild disorder in the village of Grondale, which denoted something extraordinary. I made up to the first group, mostly women. One prayed, "The Lord have mercy upon us all!"

"And keep us from harm," said another ;
"for without his care what are we?"

"Well,

“ Well,” said a third, “ we are all mortal,—all must die, rich as well as poor,—all flesh is grass. ”

“ But such a good young body ! ” said a fourth ; “ we poor folk shall have a mortal miss of her : ah, poor dear soul ! we shall see her no more in a frosty morning, tripping along, to see if there was any coals to burn in the cottages, and any bread in the pantry ;—but she was too good for this world. ”

“ Pray,” I asked, “ who are you thus lamenting ? ”

“ Oh dear, Mr. Glen, have not you heard ? ”

“ No—nothing. ”

“ Poor dear Miss Campinet ! ”

“ What,—dead ? ”

“ Dead ! Lord help us ! smashed to pieces down Lippen Crag. ”

A cold rigour and trembling seized me ; I grew sick apace ; and hastening home, threw

threw myself on my bed, in a state of mind
I am utterly unable to describe.

Miss Campinet ! one of the fairest,—but
that may be disputed, —certainly one of the
best of her endearing sex. I loved her !—yes,
I loved her ! But if there be a spiritual
affection, such was mine. I thought of her,
as of an angel whom I might secretly adore ;
not as of a woman whom I might presume
to love. Admitted sometimes to her tea-
table, I was treated with the most engaging
affability ; sometimes her almoner, I have
been obliged to repress her benevolence.
With my violin, I have been permitted to ac-
company her at the piano-forte. She has con-
descended to accept the loan of my books
and music. I have been honoured with her's.
But though thus affable, thus friendly, there
was about her a dignified reserve,—a guard-
ed propriety in her most engaging sweetness,
that must have checked those vain and foolish
ideas youth is so apt to form, had I been silly
VOL. I. D enough

enough to have permitted an entrance to any such, within my bosom.

So should I have thought for ever of the amiable Miss Campinet, had this been really the fatal period of our acquaintance. But fame, as usual, had blown her trumpet with too loud a blast. Death had come near, too near the lovely girl, but had not reached her. Down Lippen Crag she had not fallen, though within a few moments, in point of time; and a few yards, in point of space.

Without an engraving, I despair of making my readers understand the ensuing description; and the patrons of this humble sort of book-making, are not sufficiently liberal to enable a poor author to gratify his readers and himself in this particular. However, when the public ask a fourth edition, I will certainly give it, with a map, at my own expence.

Mrs.

Mrs. Merrick and her niece, returning from their evening's airing, were pacing slowly along the edge of the moor, a thick coppice on their right, down a steep declivity, to the edge of the Gron; the servant following at some distance behind, on a young horse, but in a careless posture; when a gun was fired in the coppice, within ten yards of this horse's ear; at the same instant, a black spaniel, pursuing some birds, burst the coppice, barking, just under his nose. The horse, in an instant, threw his rider, passed the chair horse, snorting, on full gallop; but, instead of turning down the oblique road to the village, kept straight forward, along the edge of the moor. The chair horse, regardless of the reins, sprung after his fellow with all his strength. This then was the situation of the ladies: on their right, the coppice continued; a rising, but uneven ground on their left, leading to the top of the moor; in front, and at two hundred yards distance, Lippen Crag, a rock with a perpendicular descent to

the Gron, and measuring one hundred and four yards from its surface.

A well-dressed young man, whom I cannot now stay to describe, was at this instant on the verge of the crag, viewing the prospect. The saddle-horse, unable to stop, had taken the leap, and was dashed to atoms. The young man saw the quick approach of the ladies in the chair to the same unavoidable destiny. If ever it is allowable in sound philosophy, to suppose Providence directing the actions of individuals, one may suppose it now. Great, indeed, were the chances against finding any one upon this dreary spot, and infinite against finding a man undaunted by danger, and capable of preserving his recollection at the moment of terrible surprise. Such, however, was the person before us : he saw the imminent instant ; and running to meet the horse, placed himself on the lower side ; then seizing the reins, as he passed, flew along with the wild creature, who could not be suddenly stopped, turned his head

head towards the rising ground ; and about ten yards from the brink of the crag had, by strength and agility alone, changed his direction, and forced him upwards till he had obtained ground on which the chair stood firm. As to the poor horse, trembling and exhausted, he seemed to have as little inclination as power to move.

The stranger then turned to assist the ladies. The elder, with open eyes, which seemed not to see, might have been taken for one of Ovid's ladies, passing from life into stone.

The other had fainted. The whip and reins had dropped from her lifeless hands ; and death sat, or seemed to the youth to sit, on the fairest face he thought he had ever beheld. He gazed upon her with mute sorrow, trembled, perhaps for the first time, and for the first time feared death.

This sad and awful spectacle had not long occupied his attention, when the servant came up, his forehead covered with blood. The man had seen the whole, had seen that nothing but a miracle could save his mistress, and had seen that miracle performed. He was therefore well disposed to consider the person before him as possessed of more than mortal power.

“ I presume you are the ladies’ servant ? ” said the stranger.

The man answered, “ I am, Sir.”

“ The young lady seems in the most imminent danger ; yet I thought I heard her sigh ; if so, she is recoverable ; assist me in getting her out of the chaise.”

The man obeyed. They placed her on the rock just covered with moss, the stranger sitting down to support her, and inclining her head upon his breast. It was not long before she opened her eyes, and their first
object

object was the bleeding servant. Instantly they were closed again.

“ Pray don’t be frightened, Madam,” says the man; “ it is me,—your servant Philip.”

“ Philip !” says the young lady, again opening her eyes.

Then perceiving a man’s hand and arm round her waist, “ Bless me !” she cried, a faint blush tinged her cheek.

“ I am your servant also,” said the stranger; “ be under no apprehension.

Blushing, she looked up in the stranger’s face; there was nothing in it likely to inspire terror, its present expression was the softest compassion.

“ Philip !” said Mrs. Merrick, beginning to recollect, “ where are we? I am very sick,—come hither.”

“ Permit me, Madam,” said the stranger to the young lady, “ to support you a little

longer, till you have more perfectly recovered your memory and strength."

"Sir," said Miss Campinet, trying to rise, "I have not the honour to know you."

"Nor I, Madam, that of knowing you; I only know that I feel infinite happiness in having been able to serve you."

"Oh dear! I remember now, I thought I died."

"No, Madam," says Philip to Mrs. Merrick, "it was out of my power to give you the least assistance; I lay bleeding on the ground. It was that gentleman there, that gentleman, he did what I thought impossible; he saved your life and my young lady's, and, by God's blessing, did not lose his own. See, Madam, how near you was to the crag."

"For God's sake!" said Mrs. Merrick, "let us get away from this horrid place; lead the horse a great way, and hold him fast."

The man did so.

"And

"And am I, Sir," says Miss Campinet to the stranger, "am I so infinitely obliged to you?"

"If there was such a goddess as Misfortune," said the stranger, "I ought to raise an altar to her, for calling on me at such an instant."

"You are very polite, Sir," the lady answered; "my thanks and gratitude are your's. My father, I hope,—Lord Grondale."

"It is Miss Campinet, then, to whom I have the pleasure to speak?"

She bowed.

"And," continues the stranger, "she acknowledges obligation and gratitude! to such payment what can Lord Grondale add?"

"Thanks more substantial," the lady replied.

"The most substantial good," said the stranger, "I can derive from a circumstance that might have been so deplorable, I have
D 5 already,

already,—my own pleasure, my own approbation. I am not in pursuit of fortune.”

Miss Campinet looked at the gentleman with some surprise ; “ Can man,” says she, “ be too much favoured by Fortune ?”

“ Yes, Madam,” the stranger answered ; “ much too much ; England has eminent proofs. If I have learned any thing more particularly, it is a very limited adoration of this universal deity, and to pay little respect to those who have no title to respect, save from her favours,”

“ Such youth and such philosophy !” said the lady ; can the alliance be natural ?”

“ I should think it was,” the stranger answered ; “ since it was of the sons of nature I learned it.”

An exclamation of Mrs. Merrick’s broke this conversation. Supported by the stranger, Miss Campinet moved towards her aunt, who complained of extreme illness. She had not advanced many steps, before, hearing a noise, she turned her head, and saw

Lord Grondale's carriage; which, in an instant came up, and from which his Lordship immediately alighted.

Anger and politeness are seldom co-existent qualities, and Lord Grondale was angry. The spot on which Miss Campinet had been seated, was a very conspicuous one. Lord Grondale, who was taking his accustomed airing alone this evening, saw an unusual appearance upon it, and directing his pocket telescope to the object, saw his daughter, the daughter of Lord Grondale, leaning on the bosom of a young man. He ordered himself to be driven with all speed to the spot; and whether from a love of his daughter, or his dignity, or whether from the rapidity of his driving, he found himself on his arrival in a high degree of passion. Yet he did not knock the stranger down,—he did not. He only said, with the air of a great and angry man, “Who are you, Sir?”

The young man returned him a kind of contemptuous smile, but said nothing.

In a still more angry voice Lord Grondale repeated his question.

“ I am a man, Sir,” replied the stranger.

“ What man, Sir ?” his Lordship asked.

“ Not of authority,” the gentleman answered ; “ and I rejoice at it, since the possession is so little calculated to make mankind amiable.”

“ My dear father !” said Miss Campinet.

Her dear father, without paying her the least attention, said, “ Are you entitled, Sir, to be thus familiar with the daughter of Lord Grondale ?”

“ I think I am,” answered the gentleman, coolly.

“ Loose her, Sir,” said his Lordship.

“ Can you stand, Miss Campinet ?” the stranger asked.

“ Oh yes, Sir !—yes.”

He

He withdrew his arm ; she tottered a few steps, and would have fallen had he not again caught her.

“ What is all this ?” said his Lordship. “ Is any thing the matter, Caroline ? Are you ill, or perverse ? Who is this young man ?”

“ Dear Sir !” said Miss Campinet, “ have you not heard ?”

“ Heard what ?” said his Lordship. “ I have heard nothing ; but I have seen—seen, Caroline,—your head resting upon this young man’s bosom. Was that fit for a father to see ?”

Miss Campinet could not answer ; she could only blush.

“ Yes, Sir,” said the stranger, “ most fit.”

“ You may think so, Sir,” returned his Lordship ; “ but I must be better acquainted with your rank and fortune before I shall.”

“ My

“ My fortune,” answered the stranger, “ kings might envy ; it is equal to my desires. As to rank,—I have been taught only to distinguish men by virtue.”

“ Very plain and unceremonious, Sir,” said his Lordship. “ Caroline, lean upon my arm ; it is proper I should support you.”

“ Since, then,” says the stranger, “ I can no longer be of service, permit me, Miss Campinet, to wish you every possible happiness.”

“ I hope, Sir,” she answered, “ you will give me an early opportunity to thank you for——”

The gentleman bowed, and springing down the hill, leaped into the coppice, and was out of sight in an instant.

“ Why this,” said his frowning Lordship, “ this is absolute invitation, Caroline,—and before me too !”

“ Could

" Could I say less, Sir, to the man who, at the risk of his own life, has just saved mine?"

" Your life !"

" Oh Sir ! but for him I had been dashed to pieces. To the attitude, which so much displeased you, I was totally insensible. He thought it death."

" All this is incomprehensible."

They were obliged, however, to defer the explanation, on account of the increasing illness of Mrs. Merrick. Both the ladies his Lordship took into his own carriage, and conveyed to Mrs. Merrick's.

As to the explanation, it met his Lordship soon enough. He could not absolutely deny the action to be gallant ; but what young fellow would not have done the same ? The eclat was great and sufficient reward. As to himself, the obligation, if there was any, was

was cancelled by the impertinent behaviour of the fellow, whoever he was.

“Would you believe it,” said his Lordship to Doctor Blick, “though I told him I was Lord Grondale, he still spoke to me with the appellation of Sir ; and had the impudence to tell me he did not mind my rank.”

CHAP. VI.

THE Reverend Doctor Blick seldom walked, but he rode sometimes out in his chariot ; and, as he was a profound antiquarian, would sometimes stop to view the remains of the castle, the convent, or a remarkable place which had much the appearance of an encampment. It was at the latter place, the day after the affair of the preceding chapter, he observed a gentleman viewing it attentively. The Doctor alighted, and giving the

the stranger the good-morrow, said, "This place, Sir, seems to take your attention, and is indeed worthy of it. I presume you know this was once a Roman camp."

"No, Sir," the stranger replied, "I do not know it."

"Nothing can be plainer, Sir. You see it was a square. Here must have stood the *prætorium*, here the *augurale*; that, Sir, must have been the *decuman gate*."

"I see, indeed, ground on which these things might have been,—nothing to indicate with certainty that they were."

"I have studied the place so long, Sir, and with so much attention, that I can demonstrate it. I can tell you exactly where were the stations of the *volites*, the *hastati*, the *triarii*; their centurions and tribunes."

"They cannot arise to contradict you, Sir; nor shall I."

"I wish to convince you."

"Do not take the trouble, Sir. I have seen many places of encampment like this.

Some

Some where the Romans never were. But they shall be all Roman to oblige you."

" You have travelled, then, I presume, Sir ; but you are too young to have travelled much."

" Too young, perhaps, to have travelled to much purpose ; but I have trod much ground."

" Trod, Sir ! Is that term proper ? I presume you did not travel on foot ?"

" Chiefly so, Sir."

" On foot, Sir !"

" On foot."

This was a circumstance that could not fail, in a mind like Doctor Blick's, to abate something of the respect which the gentleman's dress and manner might have produced. It did not, however, abate his curiosity."

" Pray, Sir, may I ask if you travel for profit or pleasure ?"

" Not certainly for profit, if by profit you mean money."

" May

“ May I, without presumption, ask you another question ?”

“ Oh Sir,—what you please. It is seldom that I have met a gentleman willing to take so much trouble about me.”

“ This mode of travelling,—may it be choice or economy ?”

“ It may be both. And your question, Sir,—may it be curiosity, or an inquisition into my purse ?”

“ Sir,—I—I—am—am rector of this parish—Sir,—and we think ourselves entitled, Sir, to make certain enquiries, Sir, when strangers come into it.”

“ And do all strangers think you entitled to information ?”

“ They ought.”

“ I fear, reverence for the clergy,—I rather mean implicit obedience,—does not stand so high now, as when the castle and the convent now in view, were filled by illustrious Barons and holy Monks.”

“ A

“ A little more reverence for the clergy would be no dishonour to these times, I presume.”

“ They have less, in your opinion, than they merit.”

“ Yes, Sir,—do you say the contrary ?”

“ Oh, no !—I have no inclination to be libelled for heresy ; Sir, I wish you a good morning.”

CHAP. VII.

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MRS. MERRICK had a relation at Falmouth, a cousin, whose name was Sumelin, a banker, opulent and respectable. To him, as guardian, a Mr. Fluart had confided his only child, a daughter, with a fortune of 20,000*l*. Miss Fluart, seven years old at her father's death, was now twenty. At sixteen she was taken from the boarding-school, —I beg pardon,—feminary; and Mr. Sumelin was much perplexed what to do with her.

In



In his youth he had been much abroad, and had looked at men and women of great varieties of colour, modes, and manners. He had even looked at kings and queens,—at lamas, bonzes, and mustis ; and having compared and considered what they might, could, or should have done, with what they did, he could not always determine, whether they were delegates from heaven above, or from the earth below ; or whether mankind had arrived at its ultimatum of perfection and happiness, under any church or any state, or under any alliance between them. That this is a heterodoxy most abhorred, I own ; and I am sorry it should exist in any of these my people ; but truth being a necessary evil in this world sometimes, a poor biographer has not the right to dispense with it, as have the distinguished personages whom I shall always look up to as my divinities here on earth. But I am making my own reflections, when I should be making Mr. Sumelin's ;—a man of integrity, indeed, in his dealings, but of  
infanity

insanity in his notions, as wisdom goes now. In short, a very odd man.

But neither Mrs. Sumelin nor her eldest daughter, Harriot, were ever charged with oddity. On the contrary, they were so extremely like ladies in general, that every man's eyes and ears may save me the trouble of drawing their portraits.

Mrs. Sumelin had seen her tenth lustrum. At eighteen she was angelic; for she had a smooth white skin, and 12000l. In intellect, not superabundant; nor was it necessary; for to the shining qualities above-mentioned, understanding may or may not be added; it is of little consequence, especially in genteel life. Its want may be copiously supplied by vanity.

Miss Sumelin,—many fathers would have doated on her, for she was a perfect copy of her mother. Fond to excess of the fine and fashionable, and an adorer of sweet pretty things.

things. It is not amongst the foibles of the dear sex that I place these propensities ; for I believe it pleased God to make them a part of the constitution of their natures ; and surely in his last best work there could be no imperfection.

So, I fear, did not Mr. Sumelin think. Against these innocent and elegant penchants he frequently darted his keenest arrows ; but they fell dead to the ground, repelled by the panoply of this mother and daughter ; and Mr. Sumelin had the satisfaction, in common with most husbands, to see these charming inclinations grow into passions, under his reprobation.

Charlotte, the youngest daughter, was not so exact a copy of her mother ; her resemblances were more to her father ; and this, perhaps, was the cause why the paternal affections were rather stronger than the maternal and sisterly. Of the age of Miss Fluart, she had been mostly with her at the seminary ;

and, I believe, had imbibed a stronger affection for her than for any other human being.

For the rest, one found in the family of Mr. Sumelin a portion of love and harmony, such as is usually given. They might, indeed, sometimes say disagreeable things to each other; but the balance of power lay, as it always ought, with the ladies; for Miss Sumelin, making it a rule never to differ from her mother when her father did, the gentleman was consequently outvoted in matters of action, and out-talked in matters of speculation; which little inconveniences he was obliged to bear as well as he was able,—and he generally bore them best at a tavern.

Poets and fabulists agree, that men are not animals very quicksighted to their own errors; but that they are seldom blind to the errors of their wives, much beyond the honeymoon. I believe Mr. Sumelin is not to be charged with any defect of vision. He saw that



that his own house was not such a residence for Miss Fluart as he could entirely approve, and he determined to place her with some judicious female friend. Of these he had not a very copious list; and on scrutiny, one accident or other,—too much or too little affluence,—too much or too little wisdom,—too much or too little good-humour, rendered every individual not the exact person he could have wished. The highest in his estimation stood Mrs. Merrick; but she was too much a recluse. So, at length, he agreed, that his ward should live half with her, and half with himself at Falmouth.

So far as it enlarged their circle of pleasures, Mrs. and Miss Sumelin liked this very well; but in the cup of enjoyment there is usually some ill-tasted ingredient or other. In the company of Miss Fluart, Miss Sumelin was less a goddess. Is there on earth one sovereign, male or female, who can bear, *equo animo*, a diminution of sovereignty?

At the time we are now writing of, Miss Fluart and her friend, Charlotte Sumelin, were at Falmouth. A very regular correspondence was kept up by the fair friends during their separation. I am not allowed to oblige my readers with the whole of it ; but with those letters only which have some connexion with my present purpose. A few days after her accident, Miss Campinet received the following : with it I chuse to begin.

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### CHAP. VIII.

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#### MISS FLUART TO MISS CAMPINET.

“ I HOPE, Miss Campinet, you have been fretting and fuming, though not so much as to hurt your complexion, that post after post should pass by Grondale-place, without leaving a letter from my Ladyship. To how many causes can you have attributed this prodigy? Imprimis,—she is dead. Not quite so bad as that neither. Secondly,—she is married. Not quite so good as that. Thirdly,

Thirdly,—she is eloped. A tolerable conjecture, my dear; but you have mistaken the person. Yes, we have had an elopement, sure enough; and if half the squirrels of Falmouth had died, the bustle could scarce have been greater. Poor Harriet Sumelin, the idol of her dear mother, a pattern to all the daughters of men in this town and its precincts, has so tainted her fame, that I do not believe she will be consulted this month, even about a new cap.

“ Mr. Sumelin’s head clerk, a Mr. Fillygrove, is the author of this mass of evil; a young man with a sweet pretty face, and two well-enough shaped legs. These are considered as great accomplishments by young ladies; and the contemplation of them does probably add to the happiness of the possessors, if one may judge by Mr. Fillygrove. If this young gentleman happens to be placed over against a pier glass at dinner, if he drinks your health, his looks are directed not to you, but the glass; so, if he answers a question,



question. Once, when he was addressed, and it became evidently necessary to direct his regards to the person he was going to answer, he intended so to do, unluckily his eye, on its road, caught the mirror, was fascinated by it, and the poor youth found it impossible to break the charm. In a walk you see him, once a minute, bend in graceful curvature,—throw a glance at those adorable legs,—and resume his erect position with increased perpendicularity. Let us do the man justice, however; he has merit in the compting-house; and his father can, if he chuses, give him two or three thousand pounds.

“ Miss Harriet Sumelin could not resist such weighty attractions. She was the first to feel the power of the little-winged deity; but the young man, either not having received a reciprocal wound, or not having advanced in effrontery so far as to pretend to a daughter of Mr. Sumelin, a 40,000 pounder, it created a sort of an embarrassment in the poor lady, how she should give him the

necessary confidence without wounding her own delicacy. Love may be, and I believe is sometimes, very ingenious ; but not being able to teach ingenuity to Harriet, she was obliged to have recourse to the vulgar method of telling him all about it with her eyes. The language was intelligible enough ; they soon came to a right understanding ; and neither of them having the least hope of consent from the lady's father, they very rightly resolved not to ask it, and trust paternal affection for pardon. So off one night they went for Dover, intending to marry at Calais, and return.

“ The affair was perfectly understood in the morning by a very dutiful epistle, which Harriet had left behind her to instruct papa and mamma ; and in which she laid the fault, if there was any fault, upon destiny ; for she was sure marriages were made in Heaven. We were all, that is, the ladies of the family, very much affected to be sure. Mrs. Sumelin testified her's by scolding and clamour ;

Charlotte,

Charlotte, by tears, and almost by convulsions; I, by silence and meditation. Having all performed our parts a reasonable time, my guardian, who had eaten his breakfast with perfect composure, said, "Well, and for what is all this noise and pother, Mrs. Sumelin? Your daughter is gone to be married, that's all. I suppose you intended she should marry one day?"

"But to marry so much beneath her, Mr. Sumelin,—and such a coxcomb!"

"As to his being a coxcomb, my dear, we must set that down as a circumstance in Harriet's favour, coxcombry being the most approved qualification of man, in the mind of woman; and as to his being beneath her, I know not what that means?"

"No, Mr Sumelin! So rich as you are, and a young lady with your daughter's accomplishments."

"As to riches, Mrs. Sumelin, they are my own, and at my own disposal. I may give Mrs. Fillygrove a large fortune, and I may not. It is true; I do not much like

masses of money in the hands of fools ; but she is my daughter ;—I shall not let her want ; and her puppy husband may one day be weaned of his folly, and may make as respectable a man as his poverty of understanding will permit.”

“ And so you really mean to forgive them without any ado ?”

“ Forgive them ! yes. Why, I am hardly offended.”

“ In truth, if the old gentleman had spoke the whole truth, I believe he was rather pleased than offended.

“ And you will not send after them, to stop them ?” asked Mrs. Sumelin.

“ No, really I will not.”

“ Mrs. Sumelin continuing much upon the fret, Mr. Sumelin went to the compting-house, and we saw no more of him, (a thing that happens often) till the next morning.

Indeed,



Indeed, we scarce saw him for several days after this; for Mrs. Sumelin was always at him, with all the agreeable garruloufness of a fretful woman, and the candour of a wife, who is perfectly convinced that her husband is always wrong.

“ About the sixth day Mr. Sumelin introduced to us a gentleman from France, an American born, I believe; but having property in France, had been there some years; and not liking, I suppose, the politics of that country, had been selling his property, remitting part of the produce to Mr. Sumelin, to whom he had been recommended by a house in Philadelphia, in order to have it invested in the English funds.

“ How shall I describe this young stranger to you, my dear? He looks like a man, I think, and yet I have seen but few men look like him. He is not an Adonis, like Mr. Fillygrove; nor does he resemble that accomplished personage in dress or in manners.

The latter are, indeed, rather open and engaging, than graceful. There is an ease about him, but it is an unstudied, unimitated ease. It seems his own; and becomes him so well, that he acquires our good-will almost before he has spoke. That his conversation will support his credit with ladies in general, is more than I dare affirm. I will give you a small specimen, that you may judge for yourself. By the bye, he has a very ugly name—Herm sprong; it sounds monstrous Germanish.

*Mr. Sumelin.* “Have you left America long?”

*Mr. Herm sprong.* “About five years.”

*S.* “Since then you have resided in France?”

*H.* “Properly speaking, I have not resided any where. Smitten with the love of being seen, I have shewed myself to half Europe; returning occasionally to France, as I was wanted.”

*S.*

S. "They are going on there in a strange way."

H. "Yes, strange and new. I speak of the causes which animate the French ; for as to the means—the destruction of the human species—it has been a favourite mode with power of every denomination, ever since power was."

S. "What are these causes you speak of?"

H. "To make mankind wiser and better."

S. "And do you approve the means?"

H. "What all? Oh no! It is left to the loyal Englishman, and is, I am told, a new prerogative,—to approve by the lump. All! no, Sir! All the malignant, as well as the better passions, are afloat in France; and malignant actions are the consequence. Many of the acts of the Assembly are acts of necessity; and some, no doubt, of folly."

"I'm sure," says Mrs. Sumelin, "if you had approved them, you must have been a strange sort of gentleman."

"Perhaps

“ Perhaps I am, Madam ; but will you favour me with your reasons ? ”

“ Are not they all Atheists ? ” the lady asked. “ And have not they robbed the nobility and the parsons ? and don’t they hate Kings ? ”

“ There may be many such shocking creatures among the men, Madam ; but the ladies, I assure you, are still pious,—still loyal,—still addicted to rank and title : the English ladies can scarce be fonder of distinction. Notwithstanding their boasted principle of equality, Madam, there are very few of the *better* sort of ladies in France, who would forgive a daughter who married beneath her. I am informed the English ladies, though they do love rank, are in this particular more placable.”

“ I fear, Sir,” said Mr. Sumelin, pleasantly, “ you are not well informed.”

“ I appeal to the ladies. You gentlemen are said, at present, to boast of cherishing prejudices, *because* they are prejudices ; ladies cannot be thus absurd.”

“ No,



“ No, faith ! I will do the things what honour I can : This pitch they have not reached : They do, indeed, stick as fast by their prejudices as men can do ; not for the curious reason above mentioned, but because they like them ; especially when they are founded upon their vanities.”

“ We are sure to have your good word,” replied Mrs. Sumelin ; “ but I hope, Mr. — pray what is your name, Sir ?”

“ Hermsprong, Madam.”

“ I hope, Mr. Humsprung, you have more sense than to believe him ?”

“ Oh,—I don’t usually give gentlemen much credit when they rail at the ladies ; least of all on the subject we are now treating of. Could you, Madam, could any mother, if she had a daughter who had unfortunately fixed her affections not quite so prudently as she ought—could you tear her from your bosom, and give her misery, only for seeking her own happiness ?”

“ Mrs. Sumelin seemed to sit uneasily upon her chair.

“ No,

“ No, Madam,” continued the orator, “ I see an expression in your fine face, (and indeed her fine face was rather rosy) that will not permit me to suppose you can have a hard heart.”

“ Sir,—pray, Sir,—” said Mrs. Sumelin, “ have you heard—?”

“ What, Madam?”

“ That I have a daughter so circumstanced?”

“ Indeed! then I hope I am not deceived in my opinion?”

“ Do you know what a wretch she has gone off with?”

“ Is he a highwayman, Madam?”

“ No, Lord bless me! (a little peevishly) but I wish I had never seen him. Sure, Mr. Sumelin was bewitched when he took him into his house. He is the greatest coxcomb——”

“ The charge is true, no doubt,” says my guardian; “ and yet the ladies never made the discovery till he was gone.”

“ A

"A message from the compting-house called Mr. Sumelin out. "The grand disgrace," said he, as he went, "is having been my clerk."

"I should hardly think that a disgrace," said Mr. Hermsprong.

"Do you know, Sir, what a fortune Mr. Sumelin can give his daughters?"

"Oh,—half a million each, I suppose."

"Lord, Sir,—you are so perverse!"

"And yet I question whether some people may not think the reputation of probity, which Mr. Sumelin also possesses, is better even than that of wealth. Besides, he was not always so rich, you know. Was he so when he was so happy as to win your affections? Oh, if a lady's love could increase as fast as a husband's wealth, how eager all married men would be to get rich."

"Sir, I don't think you talk at all to the purpose."

"I am an ignorant young man, Madam, roaming up and down the world to pick up  
a little

little wisdom. I want to read hearts, especially ladies' hearts."

"Then, once for all, I tell you, Mr. Humsprug, that I wash my hands of Mrs. Fillygrove, if she be Mrs. Fillygrove, for ever."

"Suppose she should have repented her design, and stopped short of its completion?"

"But I can't suppose any such thing. And if she should, what becomes of her character? That's lost, let what will happen."

"Dear Madam, you puzzle me! If your daughter is married, you disown her because she is married. This is the first case. The second is, if she is not married, you disown her, because—because she is not married."

"I can't think, Mr. Humsprug, what business you have with it, or what you can know about it, but what you have heard at Falmouth, where all the foul mouths in the town are open."

"I ought to ask pardon for my impertinence, and hope you will grant it, when you know that it has been my lot, so far happy at least,



least, to relieve her from a little distress at Ostend."

" Our curiosity was now greatly excited ; and we expressed it by silence and open mouths. Mr. Herm sprong continued.

" I imagine this was the first of Mr. Fillygrove's performances in this way ; for he neither knew the expence he was likely to incur, nor the proper steps to be taken when he was out of the British dominions. At Ostend his money was exhausted. At one of the windows of the inn, where I was waiting for a passage, I saw a lady in tears. I presumed to enquire the cause. This was impertinent, no doubt ; but I could not help it. There had been an altercation betwixt Miss Sumelin and Mr. Fillygrove ; for the young man had found no better way of getting rid of his distress, than by drinking wine. She reproached, and he swore. This was their situation when I got myself introduced. I know not whether I should have got an explanation from Miss Sumelin, but the gentleman gave me one copiously. You may judge,

judge, Madam, when I learned that the lady was a daughter of Mr. Sumelin, of Falmouth, whom I considered, though yet unknown, except by his probity, as the first of my friends in England, the matter could not be indifferent to me. In the present state of the young lady's mind, I had no great difficulty to convince her of her error. She put herself accordingly under my protection. The young man I was under the necessity of correcting a little : I did not suffer him, however, to feel any other want than the want of common sense. He even returned to England, on board the same vessel ; but left us on our landing, nor have we seen him since. Miss Sumelin had the goodness to accompany me to Falmouth ; and is now, I believe, under the care of her father, who is gone to bring a repentant daughter back to the embraces of a forgiving mother."

" I assure you," says Mrs. Sumelin, " you'll not find me so forgiving neither."

" Madam,

“ Madam, you are not acquainted with the strength of your own goodness.”

“ This dialogue was put a stop to by Mr. Sumelin, who came to inform his lady that her daughter was in her own apartment, hoping to see her; “ And my advice, Harriet, is, that you should forgive her cordially, and at once; for I cannot turn her out of doors for an offence she has but half committed; and in my own house I desire peace.”

“ Oh, my dear! what terrible news have I just heard. Can it be true? Can my Caroline have been so near destruction? Heaven bless her preserver, whomsoever it may be! This letter my perturbation will not permit me to finish; indeed it is long enough; too long, probably, for the state of mind in which it is likely to find you. Pray be speedy in gratifying my impatience.

“ Your affectionate

“ MARIA FLUART.”

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**CHAP. IX.**

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**MISS CAMPINET** wrote to her friend as follows :

“ Sensible of my own deficiency, I should almost envy you your happy vivacity, my dear Maria, did it not incline too much towards satire,—and were not that satire mostly directed against a half-fallen sister. But your playfulness, I know, is only of the pen,—for your heart is good and kind.

“ Yes,



“ Yes, my dear, I have indeed had a most dreadful escape. I cannot think of it without terror. It is probable, nay certain almost, that I owe my preservation to that very Mr. Hermsprong, for I never before heard of the name, the subject of your last letter. For the minuter particulars, you must wait till we can make them the subject of conversation. I cannot afford an hour’s absence from my dear aunt, who has been long declining, and this fright, I fear, will accelerate her last mortal hour. No one but myself, perhaps, would wish to retard it, if, as I fear it will, the small remainder of her life must be pain and sickness; but to me, you know she is of infinite importance. When I have lost her, what is to become of me? My father’s house is little inviting to me, and still less proper. Lord Grondale’s company, when he has any, are all men: and I wish I could add, men of merit. Alas! they are men of play; for I never heard they had other occupation or amusement, if we except the pleasures of the table, where they are  
accustomed

accustomed to sit long, and rise rather more than refreshed.

“ From these and other irregularities, you know my father has suffered much, and is now so much an invalid, that these parties come much seldomer than usual. When they do, they are very improper persons for me to associate with. Then, Lord Grondale has never been in the habit of tenderness to me; either, because I have not merit sufficient to engage his affection, or, as I rather chuse to flatter myself, because he has seen so little of me. Not that he does not honour me with his notice sometimes, and sometimes makes me happy by his good humour; but more commonly, he has some faults to blame, or some foibles to lash; and indeed his polite irony is very mortifying. On these accounts, my dear Maria, I am now desirous to engage your promise to be with me a few months upon the melancholy event of my dear aunt's decease, and my remove to Grondale Hall.

My

My aunt sends to me ; I must quit my pen till to-morrow.

“ This morning my father called upon me, as he returned from an airing. I must relate a part of our conversation, as it gives me an opportunity to inform you of all that has since passed betwixt Mr. Hermsprong and me. After the usual questions respecting my aunt, and a minute’s silence, my father abruptly says, “ Caroline, when did you see your saviour !”

“ My Lord !” says I, with some consternation, for I was startled at the impiety, as I thought, of the question.

“ Pshaw,” says my father, peevishly ; “ I mean your knight-errant ; he, who stopped your precipitate flight down the crag.”

“ I have seen him once only, my Lord ; a day or two after the accident. He called at my aunt’s, and sent up Mr. Hermsprong’s compliments, and an enquiry into our healths. I went down to thank him for my aunt and myself ; and asked him if it was in

my power, or—pardon me, Sir, if I presumed too far—in my father's, to serve him? He answered, he did not pretend the action laid me under the least obligation. He thought little of its merit, for it was unpremeditated. It was an impulse, and it was irresistible.”

“ Lord Grondale said it was a good distinction; he must profess himself of the same opinion as to its merit.

“ I own, my Lord, I was of a different opinion; and thought this modesty of expression rather enhanced than diminished Mr. Herm sprong's merit respecting myself; I replied to this purpose, and wished to be able to shew my gratitude.”

“ You must not then talk to me,” he answered, “ of Lord Grondale; if I must have a reward, let it be all your own.”

“ What cursed effrontery!” my Lord exclaimed. “ This was a downright declaration of love.”

“ I did not think so, Sir; but I remained silent, because I did not exactly know to what it tended. He explained his meaning directly.

“ Your



“ Your silence, Miss Campinet, (these were his exact words) accuses me of presumption ; but of presumption I am no farther guilty than to wish to be allowed the pleasure of your conversation when your doors are open to common visitors.” I then said, my aunt’s indisposition prevented my seeing company at present ; I feared it would end fatally, in which case I hoped for permission to reside with my father ; and to him I must look up for the direction of my conduct, and the choice of my acquaintance.

“ This was a proper and a pertinent reply, Caroline, if it came from your heart.”

“ I hope I have never given my father cause to suspect my duty and inclinations are at variance.”

“ The case, Caroline, is not uncommon ; the generality of daughters of the present day may very well justify fathers in such a suspicion ; but what answer did your hero return ?”

“ My hero, my Lord !”

“ Well—well, Mr. Hermsprong.”

“ If so,—” Mr. Hermsprong said, but checked himself, so that I cannot guess what he was then going to say. After a pause, “ I am sensible,” he said, “ your time must be now precious ; if I have never the pleasure to see you again, accept my most earnest wishes for every possible felicity.” He withdrew with a haste which did not permit me to reply.”

“ So ended my conversation with my father ; and so ends all my knowledge—perhaps for ever—of Mr. Hermsprong.”

“ Your affectionate

“ CAROLINE CAMPINET.”

CHAP.



## CHAP. X.



AT the conclusion of our sixth chapter, we left Mr. Hermsprong bidding good morrow to the Reverend Dr. Blick. In the course of his morning's walk, he saw a young man taking angles with a Hadley's quadrant. This was my humble self; but I hate egotism, and when I have occasion to mention this self, it shall be by the names of Gregory Glen; the first of which I derive from my godmother's, the latter I inherit—from my mother. Mr.

F 3      Hermsprong,

Herm sprong, approaching Mr. Glen, asked if he was surveying the county? To which he answered, that that was beyond his abilities; this was merely a mathematical amusement. The stranger said, such amusements were to be envied.

“No,” Mr. Glen replied, “your’s are the amusements to be envied, if, as I suspect, you are the happy man to whom the best and fairest of her sex owes her preservation.”

“Why,” he replied, “if mankind is disposed to consider this as extraordinary, and to pay me for it by a larger portion of esteem, it is very well. I am willing to receive the reward, though impelled to the action by instinct, I suppose,—for I did not know the lady was the best and fairest of her sex.”

“You refine too much, Sir,” said Glen; “do you think I should have done the same?”

“I know not,” he answered, “why I should suppose the contrary.”

“I



"I know," replied Glen, "terror would have deprived me of sense and motion; nor do I think I know a man on whom the suddenness of a circumstance so terrible would not have had the same effect."

"I conceive I know many," Mr. Herm sprong said, "not indeed amongst civilized Europeans. Man may be in a situation betwixt a state of nature and extreme civilization, such that intrepidity and possession of mind, in sudden danger, may be necessary even for existence. The Aborigines of America, when they hunt or go to war, are exposed to instant peril in many ways. They get a habit of presence of mind, and habit is nature."

"No doubt," Mr. Glen answered, "but this habit so seldom offers itself to our notice, one cannot easily conceive it."

"Oh," said Mr. Herm sprong, smiling, "you are upon your guard, I see, against the marvellous."

“ No, Sir,—indeed no,” replied Glen ;  
“ I assure you I have not the least suspicion,  
—not the least——”

“ Nay, Sir, if you had, it gives me no  
offence. Travellers have always imposed  
upon credulity ; and sensible men receive  
their reports now more circumspectly. I am  
a stranger ; you know me not ; I relate some-  
thing that appears to you incredible ; you  
have a right to withhold your assent, till more  
and better information may have convinced  
you. I believe I am talking to Mr. Glen ?”

Mr. Glen bowed his answer.

“ They say here you are an intelligent  
man ; that you are humane ; honest in  
actions, and open in speech. All these are  
to my taste. I ask your friendship. If you  
grant it, I hope to convince you that I hold  
a manly freedom of thinking and speaking  
amongst the most estimable qualities of  
man.”

Was

Was it possible to refuse a friendship so engagingly asked? No. From that hour it has been the greatest source of Mr. Glen's felicity ; and you, my dear readers, owe to it this invaluable book.

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CHAP. XI.  
  


THERE was in Hermsprong a superiority in science, and an elevation of sentiment, which Glen found it impossible not to admire, and difficult not to regard with envy. This weakness vanished after some days' familiarity, and the reserve, which was its consequence, vanished after it.

Their acquaintance was not cultivated after the ordinary manner; they neither ate nor drank



drank together, for Herm sprong's residence was an inn, and Glen boarded and lodged ; and each had more taste for morning excursions, for the discovery of Nature's more rare productions, plants or minerals, and especially for the reciprocal communication of mind with mind.

A sight of the encampment put Mr. Herm sprong in mind of his rencontre with Dr. Blick. Mr. Glen did not seem in the humour for panegyric ; for his portrait of the Doctor was rather unfavourable :—That he united pride with meanness ; that he was as haughty to his inferiors, as cringing to superiors ; an eternal flatterer of Lord Grondale, he did not even presume to preach against a vice, if it happened to be a vice of his patron. “ And yet,” said Glen, “ this man is rich ; has great church preferment, two good livings, and a stall ; keeps his chariot, and does not chuse to marry.”

“ I hope,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “ you are not now giving a general picture of the English clergy ?”

“ By no means,” replied Mr. Glen ; “ as individuals, I think them generally worthy, and if you desire to see a contrast to Dr. Blick, you may find it in his curate : a man of learning ; of high probity ; simple in his manners ; attentive to his duties ; and so attached to his studies, that he may be said to be almost unacquainted with mankind. This man is married ; has four daughters ; and from the bountiful Rector of Grondale has forty-five pounds per annum, for doing half the duties of Grondale, and the whole of Sithin, a village a mile hence, where he resides. It is true, he derives about an equal revenue from his patrimonial fortune, otherwise it would be impossible his family could be supported.”

“ I am as desirous to court the acquaintance of such a man,” said Mr. Hermsprong.

sprong, "as of avoiding the Dr. Blick's ; and will take an opportunity to call on him. Or what do you say to bringing him to spend a social evening at the Golden Ball ?"

To this Mr. Glen agreed ; and the succeeding night was the appointed time.

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CHAP. XII.  
  
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THE good Curate willingly accepted the invitation ; and was so punctual, that he arrived at the Golden Ball an hour before he was expected, and before Mr. Hermsprong had returned from his afternoon's excursion. Mr. Tunty, the landlord, however, accommodated him with an easy chair in the best parlour, a pipe, and a tankard ; and was, moreover, so obliging as to favour him with his own company. The Reverend Mr.
Woodcock

Woodcock took this opportunity to enquire concerning his guest.

“ Sir,” said the landlord, with the air of a man who has something important to communicate, “ this Mr. Hermsprong is—a—a—sort of a man—one does not often see ; nor is it every man who would know what to make of him. But I have seen the world, Mr. Woodcock ; I was a private in the 27th, and rose to be corporal solely by merit. I was in the hottest of the last German war. Sir, I have lived upon gunpowder. My wife, the late widow Trott, preferred me to fix ; she knew men ; and I’ll be bold to say, I have not deceived her. This house is much altered since I came to it. I am sorry not to see you oftener in it, Mr. Woodcock ; I have very good company. Doctor Blick has done me the honour more than once. I threw out that bow window ; I set up the butts. I know the world, Sir, and I know men must be attracted Sir, my respectful service to you.”

A long draught gave Mr. Woodcock an opportunity to put his landlord in mind of Mr. Herm sprong.

“ I’ll tell you, Sir,” says Tunny ; “ it is by little things you know a man. That was a maxim of the King of Prussia and Marshal Keith. I served under Marshal Keith. He was a great commander. I was not 500 yards from him when he fell. If he had lived, I should not have been landlord of the Golden Ball at Grondale. But Providence is over all ; things will be as God pleases. Marshal Keith took a liking to me. I never think of him without abundance of sorrow. So, Sir, my respectful service to you.”

“ Thank you, landlord ; but Mr. Herm sprong ?”

“ Why, Sir, when I think of my dear Marshal Keith, I can think of nobody else. If he had lived, things would not have been quite as they are. Not but the late King of Prussia was a good soldier too ; but then he had no religion ; and a soldier without religion,

gion, Mr. Woodcock,—what is he? D—n my blood, if I value any man that has no religion. The tankard stands at you, Sir. A man never fights his best that don't believe a cannon ball may carry him to Heaven."

"It is a good foundation for a soldier to build upon. But we forget Mr. Herm-sprong."

"Why, Sir, here he comes about ten days ago, at seventeen minutes past five in the evening; himself on foot; his servant on horseback, with his portmanteau, not coming in till eight. Now, what do you think, Mr. Woodcock, was the first thing he called for?"

"Perhaps," said the Curate, "a private room for prayer and thanksgiving."

"No, Lord bless you! I never had but one guest of that stamp, and he went off with two silver spoons in his pocket. No, Sir, he called for a tub of water."

"Water!"

"Water, Sir! that's his way. He will walk you forty miles in a morning. His shoes

shoes are as soft and pliable as silk. Well, Sir, after his cold bath, he dined upon a cold round of beef; and, faith! he played his part like a man. A couple of pounds vanished in a twinkling; and he seasoned them with a quart or two of good spring water. Not a drop of good liquor has he drank in my house. His servant, indeed, might have made up the deficiency a little, but he was off the next morning, and I have not seen him since. The gentleman himself took a morning's walk: and, to tell you the truth, I did not much expect to see him again; however, he did return at last, and called for coffee. I observed him attentively while he eat me a twopenny loaf; for I learned to read men under Marshal Keith; and when he had finished, he did, for the first time, notice Tom Tunny at the Golden Ball; a man that, no disgrace to Mr. Hermsprong, has conversed with as good men as himself. He talked to me about prospects and old castles, and other trifling things; it is true, he did not then know I had served under Marshal Keith.

Since

Since then, we have been better acquainted. I suppose at that time I might answer rather glum; so he ceased his questions, and demanded his bill. It came to four shillings and three-pence. So he takes out a purse; to say truth, it did not seem to want ammunition; and giving me one pound one, desired change. Then says he, in a droll way enough, 'I have learned to divide landlords into three classes: Those who charge with primitive modesty; those who charge with the modesty of men—who know the world; and those who charge without any modesty at all. The first, I make it a rule to pay double; the second, according to my sense of their modesty; to the last, I pay their bills. You know the world, Mr. Tunny, and my system requires that I should pay you three half-crowns.' Sir, says I, your servant. For really the man's manner was so gracious and comical, that, though I thought it beneath me to take the overplus,—for, Sir, I had the command of a company once on the occasion of a retreat for twenty-four hours,—yet, as this
fort

sort of humour was rather scarce, I put the affront, if it was one, quietly in my pocket. Well, Sir, he then told me he liked the country and my house; perhaps he might stay a few weeks; and as he was a stranger, and did not like daily reckonings, I must do him the favour to lock up a bank note for him in my bureau. 'Sir,' says I, 'I cannot doubt the honour of a gentleman who behaves so generously.'—'The simple language of truth,' says he, 'is the best.' Now, you know, this was not polite; but he is an odd gentleman; sometimes you would think him the politest man in the world, and at others, he minds it no more than my dragon. Have you seen my dragon, Mr. Woodcock?"

"No, really," the Curate answered, "I never saw one in my life."

"Never saw a stallion in your life! Well, you scholars see, or rather do not see, strange things."

The conversation was interrupted by the
entrance

entrance of Mr. Hermsprong along with Mr. Glen.

The proper civilities over, Mr. Hermsprong enquired of Mr. Woodcock what liquor he chose ; to which the Curate answered, Ale and a pipe were his luxuries.

“ Then,” said Hermsprong, “ this evening they shall be mine. I wish we could make them so to honest Tom Tunny here ; but, alas ! to him they are absolute necessaries. Mr. Glen, provide for yourself, and Mr. Tunny, whose company will be an additional pleasure to us ; for he knows the world, and has served under Marshal Keith.”

“ Sir,” says the landlord, “ I shall be happy to have the honour of drinking the first glass with you, you have chose to drink in my house.”

“ Heaven gave us wine for a cordial,” Mr. Hermsprong replied, “ and ale for a luxury ;

luxury ; and I make it a point of conscience to keep them so."

" But," says our landlord, " how any gentleman can relish water, as you do, is to me surprising. Why, it has no more taste than——"

" Water," replied Mr. Herm sprong. " But salt itself will become insipid to a man who is always spreading cayenne over his tongue."

" Cayenne, Sir !" said the landlord ; " zounds, I have lived upon gunpowder. Are martial spirits to be kept up by water ?"

" No, certainly," Mr. Herm sprong answered ; " Englishmen are lions with beer, and heroes with brandy. The field of battle is the bed of honour ; and I dare say Mr. Tunny has a thousand times regretted the not lying in it with Marshal Keith."

" Curse me if I have though," says honest Thomas. " No, Sir, I have attacked a battery, and stormed a breach ; I have seen death all around and about me ; but to tell you a
secret,

secret, the devil take me if ever I wished him an inch nearer."

"That sentiment is so natural," said the Curate, "one may rely upon the truth of it without swearing."

"Why, as to the swearing," returned the landlord, "it's as natural to a soldier as praying to a parson; a soldier has not a bit less religion for it in his heart."

A carriage this instant stopping at the door, obliged Mr. Tunny to postpone what more he had to say in defence of swearing. It was Dr. Blick, who had taken an airing this evening as far as Sithin, to order his journeyman to double duty the next Sunday; and being informed where Mr. Woodcock was gone, was returning that way home.

When the Doctor had given his orders to the poor Curate, he condescended to ask who his company were; and being informed, said, "If I could get a good tiff of punch now, I would come in for half an hour."

"As

“As good as good rum, lemon, and sugar can make it,” says Tunny.

Doctor Blick was announced by the landlord at his entrance into the parlour.

Herm sprong had almost begun sternly to say, “By what right, Sir, do you introduce a stranger to a select company without leave?” when the cast down humble look of poor Woodcock disarmed his anger, and made him forbear. He contented himself, however, with slightly rising, and sitting down again. Glen was equally unpolite; but Tunny’s bustling assiduity made it the less observable.

When the Doctor was accommodated with the easy chair, his punch, and a pipe, and no one seeming inclined to speak, “I beg,” says the Doctor, “I may not interrupt the conversation.”

Still silence prevailing, Mr. Tunny says, “Why, Doctor, I happened to swear a little,
and

and Mr. Woodcock reproved me; whereas, if he had been chaplain to a regiment, he would have known that a soldier must swear; I don't see, for my part, how the service can be carried on without it."

"I do not see why," said the Curate.

"Sir, I will tell you," replied the Doctor; "you cannot suppose that a clergyman can be an advocate for swearing in general; but I have heard sensible officers, both in the sea and land service, say, that it supports a certain energy; and if soldiers and sailors were forbidden it, their courage would droop."

"There now," cried Tunny, with exultation, "did not I tell you? Doctor Blick has seen life. One always expects sensible observations from gentlemen that have seen life. I served under Marshal Keith, and know a thing or two. Now, here is Mr. Hermsprong has been supposing that I must be sorry that I did not fall in the field of honour with Marshal Keith; but he is confoundedly mistaken."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it is a mistake which no man could have fallen into, who has studied human nature to any purpose. The love of life is so strong, that scarcely any calamity can weaken it."

"No," says Hermsprong; "nor in *very* civilized countries, any affection,—not even the love of heaven."

"I have been told," said Glen, "that savages are taught, and really learn to despise it."

"Sir," says the Doctor, "man cannot despise it."

"I believe," Mr. Hermsprong said, "despise is not the proper term. A savage put to his choice, will, in all common situations, prefer life; but without dreading death with the timidity of nations who are taught from infancy to fear it."

"Sir," replied Doctor Blick, "you may say what you please of savages; it is all nonsense. Man must fear death. It is a lesson of nature. You teach in vain, if you teach lessons contrary to nature."

"Pray,

“ Pray, Sir,” asked Hermsprong ; “ what is nature ? ”

“ Ask a school-boy, Sir,” said the Doctor.

“ It is not your rudeness,” replied Hermsprong, “ your imposing tone, nor airs of superior knowledge, that shall deter me from telling you, Sir, that even Doctors may make superficial distinctions. Man cannot be taught any thing contrary to nature. However he acts, he must act by nature’s laws ; howsoever he thinks, he must think by nature’s laws.”

“ Sir,” says the Doctor, “ if I have rudeness, you have presumption. Let me ask you a simple question. Is a fever natural ? ”

“ Most certainly. Its whole process is according to the immutable laws of nature.”

“ Very true ; in an enlarged sense ; but by natural we mean only the common course of things.”

“ What philosopher calls earthquakes and storms unnatural ? ”

“ Well, Sir, but this does not prove that man can get above the fear of death.”

“ Will you accept, as proof, the bravery of our sailors in the hour of battle?”

“ No, Sir.”

“ Suicide, at least, must be proof complete.”

“ No, Sir ; it is lunacy.”

“ Alas ! half the actions of our lives are lunacies, I think ; and none more than those we reason ourselves into. War is lunacy, and we call in all the powers of reason to prove it wisdom. Perhaps, the fear of death itself is a lunacy ; for to a reflecting mind, at least death is not an evil.”

“ Death not an evil !” says the Doctor, in a tone of surprise.

“ Zounds, Sir ! death not an evil !” cries Tunny.

“ I should suppose not,” Mr. Herm sprong answered ; “ death is privation of sense. Can any evil happen to that stone?”

This

This appeared to the Doctor to border on infidelity; a thing so execrable, root and branch, that it ought to be burnt out of the world by fire and faggot.

“ Sir,” said he, “ are you an Atheist? Death, privation of sensation ! No, Sir; it is enlargement of sensation. It is renovation—it is the gate of life—it is a passport to eternal joys!”

“ Then surely,” said Hermsprong, “ it is not an evil.”

Now the good Doctor was vexed at this; he had like to have broke his pipe; and so much the more vexed, as the fool of a landlord cried out, “ But zounds! Doctor, he has flanked you.”

His anger fell on poor Tunny, whom he rebuked severely, and then returned with fresh vigour to the contest.

“ It must be supposed I must mean what I last said only for the good. To the wicked death surely is an evil.”

“ Let Tom Tunny look to that,” said Hermsprong, gaily.

“ Then, Sir, you think yourself the man without sin?”

“ Syllogistically, all men are finners. All men who do not do what the church requires, are finners. But all men do not do what the church requires. Then, all men are finners.”

“ Sir, you have quick parts ; but all the parts in the world, without faith, will not ensure salvation.”

“ Oh! if it depends upon faith, I have no reason to despair. At Lisbon I believed all holy catholic things ; at Rome I believed in the infallibility of the tiara ; and in England I believe in church and king, the first article of faith ; which, if a man do not do, he cannot be saved.”

“ Mr. Hermsprong,—that is your name, I think,—religion is not a jest.”

“ Well,

“ Well, Doctor, dispute is disagreeable ; altercation pitiful. It is easy on this subject to give offence by innocent or careless expressions. I desire to give no offence ; therefore beg leave to decline the subject.”

“ Young gentleman, I must not let you off so. It is my duty to put you right, if I find you wrong. I suspect you have imbibed some of the abominable doctrines of the French philosophers ; some heretical tenets, which will plunge you into the bottomless pit.”

The Doctor now began to drink off his glasses of punch very quick ; and as he had preached against infidelity but the last sabbath, he remembered much of the sermon ; and, meeting with no interruption from the company, who preserved a profound silence, he preached it over again with much animation.

When he had finished, Mr. Hermsprong thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and drank his health.

“ But,” said the Doctor, “ you say nothing to my discourse ; I hope I have not preached in vain.”

“ In vain, I fear, to Tom Tunny here.”

The Doctor looked, and, lo ! the man was asleep. He was presently awaked, and received a sharp reprimand.

“ Doctor,” says the landlord, “ I always thought a pulpit a fitter place to preach in than an alehouse ; and that a man must fall asleep when he cannot keep himself awake. It is not orthodox here, to preach over our liquor. Gentlemen, my service to you ! Solomon said there was a time for all things ; a time to preach, and a time to let it alone ; and I am sure there is no better time to let it alone than when good company meet together to be merry.”

“ You are beneath my notice,” said the Doctor, with great dignity ; “ but for this young gentleman——”

“ I

"I request, Sir, you will do me the favour to consider me as beneath your notice also," said Hermsprong.

"I don't like obstinacy in a young man. You was the person who had the good luck to do a piece of service to Miss Campinet?"

No answer.

"That," continues the Doctor, "was a fortunate event for the young lady, and might have been so to you, had you thought proper to treat his Lordship with proper respect."

"Sir, I have no respect for his Lordship."

"No, young man; nor for any body else, I think."

"I pay it, Sir, where I owe it."

"The man will have something to do, who sets himself the task of correcting your errors."

"It is too much even for a Doctor of Divinity. I ought to be grateful, however, for the intention; and to return the obligation where I can. You yourself, Sir, seem to have one small error. I recommend officiousness to your correction."

The Doctor's face grew red with anger. In a raised tone he said, " Let me tell you, young man——"

" Stop, Sir," said Hermsprong, rising; " by what right do you presume to speak to me with the tone of a master? I owe you no obedience; and despise you for your tyrannical and contentious spirit. Mr. Tunny, let another room be prepared for Mr. Glen and me. Mr. Woodcock, when the Doctor chuses to leave a place where he had no right to intrude, we shall be glad of your company."

Mr. Hermsprong left the room as he said this, and was followed by Glen.

CHAP. XIII.

“ IS this,” Mr. Hermsprong asked, “ a general specimen of the English Clergy ?”

“ By no means,” replied Mr. Glen ;
“ except a certain portion of rancour against those who differ from them in religion or politics (an effect probably springing from their *l'esprit du corps*,) they are in general rather amiable than otherwise. But they are men. Sometimes, in their too earnest desire of the good things here below, they are apt to

forget those above. They are wise, however; and if unfortunately they are assaulted by any violent cupidities, they commonly take the proper means of obtaining them. Doctor Blick, for example, having been seized with that capital disorder, the love of accumulation, has furnished himself with a prudent quantity of adulation, which has answered his purpose well; he has church preferment to near 1000*l.* per annum; and has not, I am told, laid aside his expectations of a Bishopric."

"And is the want of this agreeable quality," asked Hermsprong, "to be assigned as the cause of Mr. Woodcock's not rising in the church?"

"Alas!" replied Glen, "not having been in the way of subjects on whom to practise, he has not taken the trouble to acquire it. Nor is this the only point of contrast betwixt himself and his reverend master. Besides, taking care not to lose any thing of his dues, by a foolish lenity, or by a love of peace, the Doctor knows it is his duty rather

to govern than to teach his flock; and he governs *à la royale*, with imperious airs, and imperious commands. Woodcock, on the contrary, is one of the mildest of the sons of men. It is true, he preaches humility, but he practises it also; and takes pains, by example, as well as precept, to make his parishioners good, in all their offices, their duties, and relations. To the poor, he is indeed a blessing; for he gives comfort when he has nothing else to give. To him they apply when sick—he gives them simple medicines; when they are in doubt, he gives them wholesome counsels. He is learned too, and liberal in his opinions; but of manners so simple, and so ignorant of fashion and folly, that to appear in the world would subject him to infinite ridicule.”

“ You give me,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “ a desire to know all that can be known of so good and, I suppose, so odd a man.”

“ He was,” says Glen, “ the only child of an honest shopkeeper at Truro, who having saved some money, yielded to the instigation

of his wife, who wished to see her son a gentleman. In consequence he went to Cambridge, went through his respondentia with applause, and took his degrees. After this he returned home, to shew his father and mother how well they had laid their money out, and to wait promotion. This, however, never came: instead of it, there happened a bankruptcy of a capital miner, with whom Mr. Woodcock, the father, had lodged all the money he did not employ in trade. This broke the old man's heart; and after his death, his debts and effects compared, exclusive of the money due from the miner, left a balance in his mother's favour of only 200*l*. A little time the widow kept on trade; but not understanding it, she had more of loss than gain. The young man then advertised for a curacy; which happened at the lucky moment when Dr. Blick had obtained the patronage of Lord Grondale, by activity and certain skilful manœuvres, in a contested election, which, but for him, it was said, would have gone against his Lordship's candidate.

The

The opposite party, indeed, threatened the Doctor with a prosecution for certain matters which had only prescription to support them, not law, and which trenched a little upon moral honesty; but it soon appeared to be a hopeless business. For, besides that moral honesty is seldom applied as an agent in elections, it was found that Dr. Blick was an approved man, orthodox in church and state; such a man as these bad times want.

“ The livings of Grondale and Sithin had been vacant almost a month. Lord Grondale had promised them to a Mr. Edwards, a very worthy man. It was pity. Dr. Blick applied, and it was almost impossible not to reward such and such recent merit. Mr. Edwards was abroad, tutor to a young gentleman, but daily expected home: so Lord Grondale ventured to give the livings, and excuse it to Edwards in the best manner possible. At last it occurred to his Lordship, that the promise was verbal, and made three or four years ago; and that he might easily forget it. So he forgot it.

“ Dr. Blick accepted Mr. Woodcock as his Curate, on the stipend of 40*l.* per annum, to which he afterwards generously added 5*l.* more, on condition of undertaking the duty of both churches, when the Doctor happened to be absent, or indisposed ; and he has been so often indisposed to the office, that it has almost wholly devolved upon the Curate.

“ Upon this splendid revenue, Woodcock and his mother supported existence some years, till the bankrupt's affairs were settled ; and at length received 1400*l.* This was wealth indeed. The mother enjoyed it three years, and died. The son, after his first sorrows were over, found himself very much alone ; and at length discovered that the summit of human felicity is not to be reached without a wife. But on the subject of women he was peculiarly delicate. The lady he honoured with his hand, must be as perfect as the frail state of mortality will permit. For her person, it must be genteel ; she must be beautiful in face, and elegant in dress. She must be pious and charitable ; well read, and well

well instructed in domestic affairs ; moreover she must be richly endowed with all the virtues.

“ Miss Dorothea Barton was the daughter of a farmer, a mile distant. Mr. Woodcock had seen her once or twice during the life of his mother ; but he did not then think of a wife ; and, indeed, the young lady did not perfectly correspond with the beautiful idea in the parson’s mind. So he thought not of her, till happening to drink tea at Mr. Snape’s, the miller, he met her there ; and as Mrs. Snape lamented that her husband was not at home, to attend the young lady back, it became a necessary piece of gallantry in the parson, to offer himself as her escort. Miss Barton had been a virgin ten years longer than the fitness of things required, no doubt, owing to her extreme cruelty ; but time disposes maidens to abate their rigour towards men. She was well read ; for her brother had the goodness to bring her all the Novels from the circulating library of the next market town ; and she spoke of love with an enthusiasm that

that must have been irresistible to a man of feeling. She said it was the cordial drop of life ; and she said it as she was getting over a stile. The stile was high ; she was rather awkward ; and there was a breeze which did not permit her petticoats the full force of gravitation. Instead of looking up in her beauteous face, and assisting her properly, the Curate had thrown his eyes upon a sweet pretty foot, and a pillar, perhaps of the Corinthian order, which it supported. All this created a sort of confusion of idea probably in both their heads. Miss Barton said, ‘ O dear ! ’ and almost tumbled into the parson’s arms. What would have been the consequence, had they not opened to receive her, I cannot tell ; what was the consequence, his own church bells, within fifteen days, proclaimed to the universe. So Mr. Woodcock got a wife ; a good one ; one of the notables ; and as fruitful as the vine which covers the South west end of his parsonage house. I fear, however, that this will prove a most unfortunate night.”

Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong was about to enquire why, when a distant noise was heard, as it should seem, of angry people. Soon after the parlour door was opened ; Dr. Blick walked in hasty majesty to his carriage ; saying as he went, “ I have done with you, Woodcock,—I have done with you ; a parson, and tainted with principles almost republican ! I have done with you ; I repeat my warning ; get another Curacy, if you are able, in a month. I,—I foster a man whose divinity is unsound, and his loyalty questionable ! ”

“ My opinions,” answered Woodcock, “ you have long known : I neither conceal them, as if they disgraced me,—nor officiously promulgate them, as if they did me honour. How is it, that borne so long, you are so enraged against them to-night ? ”

“ If,” the Doctor replied, “ I have borne with them, it was out of pity to your family. I never liked them, nor you ; and I don’t like you the better for taking the part of a young coxcomb against me ; and telling me to my teeth,

teeth, that I was wrong in argument, and rude in manner."

"I told you so," said the Curate, "because it was truth; which as you are so little able to bear, and since you have explained yourself so fully, I accept your warning; and give you warning, in my turn, to provide yourself, if you are able, with another Curate in a month. So, I wish you a good night."

The Doctor vociferated something about insolence, mounted his carriage, and was driven off.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Curate, animated by the spirit which prompted the reply of the last chapter, entered to his friends; to whom he was beginning an apology for the introduction of the Doctor——

“Who, notwithstanding, introduced himself,” said Glen, smiling.

“That is true,” the Curate replied; “but I was the cause.”

“But

“ But I did not do it with malice aforethought,” said Glen, taking the Curate’s tone and manner. “ But,” he continued, “ how should I be angry at a thing which has exhibited my friend in a new and interesting light? I thought him almost incapable of indignation.”

“ I own,” says the Curate, “ I do not love the stormy passions; and employ all my poor stock of philosophy to keep them down. But you know the proverb: Tread upon a worm, &c. This night I have been less affronted in myself than in my friends, if Mr. Hermsprong will permit me to use the appellation.”

Mr. Hermsprong replied, that Glen had been giving him a compendium of his history. The worthy man predominated in it. His friendship would give him pleasure.

The Curate made a reply expressive of gratitude.

“ Since

“ Since it is so,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “ why should we not leap the boundaries of ceremony, that bane of true affection,—be at once old friends, and enquire what effect the quarrel of this night may have upon your happiness, Mr. Woodcock, and upon that of your family ?”

“ I must own,” the Curate replied, “ we are not invulnerable to the attacks of fortune. But there are more curacies in the world ; and, besides, it is not a world intended to produce flowers alone—there will be thorns intermingled. I have a very good wife, and four sweet girls. If God give them grace, they have never been in much danger from the evils of luxury in my house, nor likely to be. No matter, as Mr. Prior says, bread we shall eat, or white or brown.”

“ And is 45l. per annum so immense a sum,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “ that it can be supplied you no other way ?”

“ All ways,” replied Mr. Woodcock, “ are interdicted to a parson, except the press ; and before he attempts that, he should be persuaded

persuaded that he is possessed of some kind of talent, which may profit his readers as well as himself; now, I have not yet persuaded myself of this."

"Have you any proof to the contrary?" asked Glen.

"I know not but I may," the Curate answered; "but it is a secret which I have not trusted even to my wife. However as it is not uncommon to keep wives ignorant of what all the world beside is acquainted with, I will venture to tell you. Once upon a time Mrs. Woodcock was patching up some matters of apparel for our young folks, when one of them, a vivacious thoughtless little thing, made a motion that utterly undid what my wife had been doing for the last hour. Now, Mrs. Woodcock is a very good woman; but she is a woman; and it is only for philosophers, and I believe, for the philosophers of past times, to bear patiently the ruin of a work almost completed by their own labour. Mrs. Woodcock could not. First, she slapped the child, then scolded it. Next she

she looked at the work, / sat herself down in despair, and cried. I then thought it proper to begin with a few words of comfort ; but I soon found they would at present be thrown away. I ventured, however, upon a little reproof for her want of patience. " Preach patience, Mr. Woodcock," she returned, " in the pulpit ; what you say there is all good and Gospel, and woe be to those who offer to contradict you ; but out of the pulpit, Mr. Woodcock, you know no more than other people, and perhaps not so much. I think, for my part, parsons have the faculty of not knowing most things that are useful. I wonder what their learning is good for, if they can't turn it to some profit."

" Now, I must do Mrs. Woodcock the justice to own, that this was a strain in which she does not often indulge herself. She is a good woman, but not quite so quick in comprehending the force of my arguments as I could wish. In the beginning of our marriage, I took some pains to convince her of men's natural and legal superiority. I quoted

St. Paul, and quoted Juvenal. She was sure St. Paul was not inspired when he wrote my quotation; and as to Juvenal, he was a snarling ill-natured fellow, and she durst to say, monstrous ugly. At last, as I made but an imperfect progress, I thought that domestic peace was better preserved by silence, and by overlooking small faults; for Virgil has said, the dear sex were averse to parting even with a fault, if they have had it any time in possession.

“ However, if Mrs. Woodcock did not profit by my suggestions, I saw no reason why I might not by her’s. “ I wonder what their learning is good for,” came across me pretty often; and the press along with it. At last I came to a resolution; and as sermons are the natural production of a parson, I set myself down to correct and new model a dozen of my own, which I sent to a bookseller in the sermon way, in London; at the same time letting him know what I expected for the copy-right. This was five guineas a sermon. I received them back by the first coach, with
a civil

a civil letter enough ; in which he allowed this to be an age of piety, and that some sort of sermons sold very well. Mine were not of that sort. Moral practical religion was not the taste. Sermons, to succeed now, must either ascend to the heaven of heavens with Swedenborg, or must pour out with pious effusion, and in the most vituperative terms the English tongue will afford, death and damnation to the French. So far from being able to afford the price I asked, he durst not even venture to print them on his own account ; but if I chose to run the risk, I might make the experiment with two or three ; and he hoped he should be able to prevent its costing me above ten or twelve pounds, supposing the worst. This offer I accepted, but with injunctions of secrecy ; for I thought, in case the public did not chuse to read my sermons, there would be no great gratification of vanity in owning myself the author. I did not even acquaint Mrs. Woodcock ; not only because of the difficulty ladies are said to have in keeping a secret, but also,

as I did not certainly know the turn her mind might take on the occasion—whether she would attribute my ill success to want of piety in the people, or want of talent in myself; and as reverence for my abilities, out of the pulpit, did not seem to be too abundant with my wife, I did not chuse to risk its diminution.

“ My sermons were printed; twenty-seven copies sold; and, at the expiration of a year, my bibliopolist sends me his account, balance in his favour 9l. 1 rs. 6d. at the same time informing me he thought I might succeed in the novel line. To me, however, this does not seem probable; a novel-writer ought to be well acquainted with human life and character:—I know little of either; besides, as novels are now pretty generally considered as the lowest of all human productions, I know not whether it is for the dignity of my cloth to have any thing to do with them. However, as the press opens its mouth to swallow all things, from a Primer to an

En-

Encyclopædiæ,—from Tom Thumb to Paradise Lost,—I have taken a couple of years to consider with what offerings I shall make my next approaches to it; and it is probable the affair of this night may serve to quicken my determination.”

“And how,” says Mr. Hermsprong, “do you think it will suit my feelings to see the man I call my friend, reduced to write for bread; whilst I, the cause of it, have superfluity beyond my inclination to use—or abuse?”

The Curate looked with a face of wonder.

“That air of surprise,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “seems to check my presumption; and indeed the liberty I have taken is too great for the present state of our acquaintance. I ought first to have been more entitled to your esteem.”

“Really,” Mr. Woodcock replied, “I own my surprise, and that I have not yet got

rid of it. This mode of obligation is so uncommon in these parts."

"I hope," said Hermsprong, "we may be able soon to get rid of the word obligation so applied, with all its humiliating appendages; for the present, let us close the subject."

So the rest of the evening was spent with cheerfulness, the conversation turning principally on the everlasting subjects, metaphysics and politics; of the first of which man can *know* nothing,—and of the last, will not. At least it is so in England, at the moment I am now writing; the order of the day, as they say in France, being determined ignorance.

"You have, no doubt, Sir, read with attention the author you now so liberally abuse?"

"I,

“ I, Sir !—I read him !—No, Sir,—nor the ‘Macintosh’s, the Flowers, or the Christies ;—I never read a line in any of them—nor ever will.”

“ It is the way, Sir, to be well informed.”

CHAP. XV.

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MISS FLUART TO MISS CAMPINET.

“ONCE upon a time, in a fit of gravity, with which she is apt to be troubled at times, a young lady of my acquaintance asked me if I ever cried in my life? I cannot say what I told her then, but I tell her now, yes, the very hour I was born, and several times since; once very lately, on the perusal of a letter from my Caroline. I was an orphan,  
you

you know, my dear ; and my thoughts of this circumstance, when I first began to think, were, that it was a situation to be pitied, even in affluence. You are not an orphan *quite* ; and yet I own you have a far greater claim to pity than myself. You have a distressing prospect before you, of your aunt's long illness and death ; and one much worse to succeed it. I must come to help you to bear them both. To your aunt I know I shall be welcome ; to his Lordship I must endeavour to become so ; for it is in his house, principally, you will want my wise advice and protection,—a house abounding in pastimes, not seemly for maidens who have been taught their catechisms and their I believes.

“ There,—in this last half paragraph, I recognize my own stile and manner. I was not born to say grave and wise things.

“ I think it is now a month since the return of our fugitive ; a true penitent, no doubt ; humble, docile, and peculiarly obedient to papa and mamma. I know not what better proof I can give of all this, than that for the

first fortnight she was tolerably dumb. Indeed, it was not necessary for any one to talk but Mrs. Sumelin, whose collection of admonitions, to render young women prudent, is certainly inexhaustible. Oh ! could I but call them to mind just at the time of need, there would not be such another discreet girl in all these parts. To Miss Harriet I should have supposed they were mother's milk, only a little sour sometimes, if one might judge by a certain odd kind of a tossing of the head,—by a sort of flashing of her fair eyes,—and by a prudent reserve, which some malevolent people might call fulkiness. Mr. Sumelin's mode is very different from his lady's. His way is, to speak his mind once for all, and have done with it.

“ Enough,” says he, yesterday, “ and too much of this eternal theme. If the girl had robbed a church, to have suffered this everlasting torrent of wisdom, would have been a sufficient expiation of her crime.”

“ Nay, I'll say that for you,” Mrs. Sumelin replies, “ provided you can get money,  
and



and enjoy your bottle, you care not how your family goes on. If any thing had happened to me ten years since, I wonder what your daughters would have been?"

"Humph! the wisdom of women is admirable; we are for ever called upon to animadvert upon their errors by the blundering provocation of their tongues. Charlotte has been this said ten years from under your wing; Harriet has had the full benefit of your maternal clucking; and this is its fruits."

This was too much for mortal female endurance. Mrs. Sumelin took fire,—and, Oh dear! how she did blaze! But, as my guardian says, the wisdom of women is admirable; Mrs. Sumelin, in the course of rapid declamation, so far forgot things as to defend her dear Harriet from head to foot, imprudence and all."

"Then," my guardian asked, as soon as he could be heard, "why do you eternally

scold her for faults, if she has committed none?"

"You catch one up so, Mr. Sumelin; to be sure, I did not mean to say quite that; but for your part, you take no pains to instruct your children, nor never did. I don't believe you have ever said one word to Harriet about this business."

"What need? when I have a dear industrious wife, who takes the department of lecturing into her own hands, and performs it so ably."

"You are enough to provoke a stone wall. I have not patience with you."

"I don't expect it, my dear. Only have the goodness not to torment yourself. You were in the humour just now to think Harriet's fault a small one. With all my heart. The law does not call it an offence at all. It gives young women leave to chuse their own husbands after twenty-one; or before, provided they do not marry in England. Harriet, you see, did nothing illegal. She was  
going

going out of England, that she might not sin against the law. But the law also allows fathers to dispose of their acquired property as they please. To this inconvenience, Harriet must submit. She loves Mr. Fillygrove. I do not. To him, therefore, I shall give nothing. To her, or rather to trustees for her, just as much as will supply her with the common comforts of life. So she will have bread to her love ; and if she can get love to her bread, she may be as well off as most of her neighbours. I leave her at liberty, and desire you, my dear, to do the same. I request your silence upon what has passed for ever. Do not lay me under the necessity of imposing it upon you as a penance."

"With this polite hint my guardian retired.

"Mrs. Sumelin blessed herself she was not born a man ; men were so positive and tyrannical.

tyrannical. But this is all along of you, Harriet.

“ Well,” says the young lady, “ do, for Heaven’s sake ! mother, let us hear no more of it. It is enough to tire a horse. Since I have my papa’s approbation ——”

“ Approbation !” Mrs. Sumelin cries out, “ you impertinent creature ! approbation !”

“ But I will weary you no longer, my Caroline. They went fairly to it, and Miss Harriet supported her part with spirit. Ever since, she has got up, as they say, surprisingly, and can now give her opinion on a new cap; or a man, just as usual. For Mr. Hermsprong she seems to have a tolerable aversion. How she got it, I do not know. It may be simply his tearing her from dear Mr. Fillygrove ; but there are other possibilities. Two days and two nights they travelled by sea ; two days and two nights by land. Could he be playing the grave preceptor all this time ? She, the humble peni-



tent? His account is monstrous modest and respectful—and all that,—but meagre. I wish I knew.

“ Ever your own,

“ MARIA FLUART.”

“ P. S. Pray tell my dear Mrs. Merrick I will be with her in a week; and I will make her well.”

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CHAP. XVI.  
  
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“ I WISH I knew,” said the lovely Miss Fluart, at the close of her letter ; and it is not impossible but I may have lovely readers, who would like to know also ; for it is certain, although Mr. Hermsprong had told the truth, he had not told the whole truth. As I am not a man to refuse to gratify a laudable curiosity, I will tell my fair readers all I know about it.

Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong had arrived at Ostend, in his road from Saxony to England. He had no sooner retired to his apartment for the night, than he heard, in the adjoining chamber, two voices : one soft, tremulous, and plaintive ; the other rather harsh, and the tone more like one reproving than complaining. When Mr. Hermsprong had laid down in his bed, assisted by the silence of the night, and perhaps by darkness, he could hear a few sentences distinctly.

“ What have you done ! ” says the stronger voice. “ Why, what have you done, but what every young lady of spirit ought to do—chose a husband for yourself.”

“ And lost a father.”

“ As well lost as found, if he’s as hard-hearted as you think him.”

“ Dear Miss Wavel, how you talk ! What must become of us, if he does not forgive us ? Mr. Fillygrove, you know, has nothing.”

“ Nothing but love, and that’s worth every thing else. But what do you talk of
not

not being forgiven for? All the grand young ladies run away now-a-days; and are always forgiven:—nay, I declare I know two whose mothers like them the better for it. And then, Miss Sumelin, you have not eloped for no ill, but to marry, and live respectable in the world. If it had been for any evil, for sure it never would have been countenanced by me. You know my character too well for that. Every body knows me. I have lived in Falmouth from a little child; thank God, with the best reputation, though but small means. I might have been married more than once, but never would, because I could not find a man that turned to God with his whole heart. Something carnal and worldly mixed with their love. My piety is well known—nay, I may say it is edifying; I have scarcely missed divine service five times in twenty years, and God has granted me my reward—patience and resignation in this life, and assurance of a better.”

“ I believe you are a good woman, Miss Wavel; and but for your advice and assistance,

ance, I never should have ventured upon such a rash imprudent step as I have now taken; and God knows what will be the consequence here! for all Mr. Fillygrove's money, you know, is gone, and none of us know a single soul in this strange place."

"Oh, Mr. Fillygrove will find a way to get over all difficulties. Poor dear young man! To be sure it was impossible to see him going into a decline for love. You would have killed him with your cruelty, Miss Sumelin, and then have died yourself of sorrow for it."

In this strain went the dialogue on, till Mr. Hermsprong was weary of listening to it; which, indeed, he never would have done at all, but that the name of Sumelin struck his ears;—and when to this was added Falmouth, he could not but suppose that the young lady was the daughter of the only man with whom he had correspondence in England, and from whom he could expect any of the kind offices of friendship—of the
man

man to whom he was now going, and whose house he had an invitation to use as his own, - so long as his pleasure or convenience would allow it.

Mr. Hermsprong also knew that his friend's family consisted of a wife and two daughters; and he thought that the daughters of a man so worthy must have some merit. From the canting piety of her companion, he concluded the young lady was betrayed; and that for her father's sake, if not her own, it might be a meritorious deed to save her. With these notions floating in his brain, he fell asleep.

In the morning, he saw in the garden of the hotel a young man smartly dressed, with a face white as his cambric ruffles, leaning his head against the wall. This, as Mr. Hermsprong suspected, was the love-favoured Mr. Fillygrove, who had made too free with the wine of Ostend the preceding evening; wanting probably more, or other comfort than the lady had to bestow.

Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong passed him with a good morrow. With more alacrity than his languid air promised, he sprung after him with his offered hand, after the English mode.

“ I am so pleased to see a countryman ! ” says he ; “ would you believe it ? — damme if the stupid rascals here understand a word I say ! ”

Mr. Hermsprong, in whose esteem Mr. Fillygrovedid not stand high, and his foppish dress and familiar manner were not calculated to increase it, said, but not with a tone of asperity, “ If it is stupidity in these people, not to understand your language, what is it in you not to understand their’s ? ”

“ Oh, damme, you’re peery,” returns the other ; “ but never mind ; will you assist a poor devil in the damndest dilemma possible ? Come, you look like an honest fellow ; one that would not hurt the good old cause. A lady has done me the honour to run away with me—a 50,000 pounder. But charges
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have run damned high ; for I hired a whole packet from Dover, because I did not chuse the lady should be bundled up with all sorts of scrubs. Now I want a parson ; and how to get one, curse me if I know ; and if I had one, the devil a piece of gold have I to give him—reduced down to a few shillings.”

“ You have bank notes, no doubt ; gentlemen, on these occasions, seldom come slenderly provided.”

“ I had threescore guineas in my purse when I set out. Who the devil would have thought I should have been stripped of that in four or five days ?”

“ Well, Sir ; you shall not want cash for any honourable design.”

“ Thank you, my buck. Damme, I saw you was an honest fellow. But what shall we do for a parson ?”

“ They are to be procured here without much difficulty.”

“ We shall want a father too, to give her away. If you would be kind enough to do us that service too ?”

“ Fathers

“Fathers should know their daughters.”

“My girl is so damned shy. However I will tell her the case, and I dare say we shall cook it.”

Off ran Fillygrove to communicate his joyful tidings to the ladies. Miss Sumelin was crying, possibly from a little sprinkling of repentance; for as the Duke Rochefoucault said, or might have said, for the remark is in his way, “We are never truly sorry for our faults till we begin to suffer for them.” Miss Wavel was administering comfort in the awkward way of those who had no comfort to give. Fillygrove began to pour out his joy, at first, with too little connection.

“A good honest fellow! I knew it by his face. I never was deceived in a man’s face. That’s he, there, walking in the garden.”

“What nonsense is all this? asked Miss Harriet. “I declare, Mr. Fillygrove, I think you get sillier every day.”

“Sillier!

“ Sillier ! Miss Sumelin ? ” Now it never had occurred to Mr. Fillygrove that he could have been the subject of such an epithet. “ Sillier ! I wonder a person of your wisdom would think of marrying a silly fellow ! ”

“ Because,” the lady answered with great quickness, “ because I was as silly as himself.”

This indiscretion produced a very serious quarrel ; in which he told her, that if she could find the way to England, he was willing enough to go back thither without a wife. She said she would crawl thither on her hands and knees, sooner than marry a man who had used her so basely. Having said all the disagreeable things to each other anger could supply, love, under the mediation of Miss Wavel, took again its turn ; they kissed and cried, and cried and kissed ; in short, had so violent a love fit, that it was well the guardian of the young lady’s honour was present in the person of Miss Wavel. At last Mr. Fillygrove came to the business which had brought him,

him ; informed Miss Sumelin of the stranger's generosity ; wished she would have the goodness to go down into the garden ; he was sure the gentleman would speak to her, and then she might judge for herself.

“ You will go with me ? ” said she.

“ Certainly, if you desire it, Miss ; but in my opinion you will do better without me ; for when a lady solicits——you know what the poet says——”

What the poet says, I know not ; but the lady consented to go alone ; and had almost passed Mr. Hermsprong upon the terrace walk unnoticed. This gentleman being at the instant in deep consideration on the means he should employ to disengage her from what he concluded was a thoughtless and childish business, a rustling awaked him ; from her dress, and her eyes red with recent weeping, he had no doubt who it was ; and bowing with great respect, said, “ Is it Miss

Sumelin, of Falmouth I have the pleasure to see?"

She, supposing Fillygrove had communicated her name, though angry at his indiscretion, answered in the affirmative by a curtsy and a blush.

"Is there any thing, Miss Sumelin, in which I can have the happiness to serve you in Ostend?"

Miss Sumelin thought this an odd question from a man, who, she supposed, had just been made acquainted with the nature of the service in which he was to be employed.

"Sir!" says she, with an air of some surprise.

"If Miss Sumelin will honour me with her commands, I shall be happy to shew her how much I am devoted to her service."

"Sir,"

“ Sir,” says she again, “ has not a gentleman—a—a, young gentleman—in blue—a Mr. Fillygrove——”

“ Yes, Madam ; but I take no commands from Mr. Fillygrove. If you will condescend to honour me, Miss Sumelin——”

“ But has not Mr. Fillygrove informed you, Sir,—that—that—of the cause—Sir—the cause of my leaving England?”

“ He has, indeed, given me very surprising and very disagreeable information.”

“ Really, Sir,” said the lady, with a small degree of anger, “ I cannot see why—to you—it should be either surprising or disagreeable.”

“ Is it not surprising that Miss Sumelin should have recourse to a clandestine marriage? Miss Sumelin, a lady who has only to be seen and known, to engage all hearts! Certainly any gentleman might be proud of this fair hand.”

And he took this fair hand, and respectfully imprinted a kiss upon it ; the lady being

so astonished, or alarmed, or something, that she had not the presence of mind to withdraw it angrily, as undoubtedly most of my fair readers will think she ought.

Before I proceed, let me ask if the great question, whether it be lawful to do evil that good may come, is finally settled? I hope it is decided in the affirmative; otherwise I know not what to plead for Mr. Hermsprong in the critical case before us. He was certainly saying the thing that was not; and love, which excuseth all things, he had not; he had pity only; compassion for a respectable father, and a silly girl, who was probably running to misery for life.

"Besides," says a learned critic, whose judgment I respect, "it is a deviation from character; for the basis of Mr. Hermsprong's is simple truth."

"Yes," I answer, "to Lords; but to ladies, on certain great occasions——"

But

But certainly Mr. Hermsprong is entitled to the praise of politeness. He told the lady she was handsome, in the most elegant way possible. If a lady is so, she seldom waits for that intelligence from man; though not disagreeable to be told so, it is not necessary for information. If a lady is not handsome, which happened to be Miss Sumelin's case, a gentleman has it in his power to create a new existence—and such an existence! I know not but it may equal rank itself.

“If I were you,” says my friendly critic, “I would not often indulge myself in digressions of this sort; they break action, and interrupt dialogue. How awkward it is to suffer Mr. Hermsprong to be kissing the lady's hand, whilst you scribble two or three pages!”

I wonder whether there are any ladies who can be displeased with a digression so much in favour of the lovely sex? But critics have no complaisance.

As Miss Sumelin did not withdraw her hand, it was not in the nature of things that Mr. Hermsprong should give it up; so he kept possession whilst they paced the terrace together. There was silence for a minute; for the gentleman did not know very well what farther to say, nor the lady to reply. At length she said, rather a little abruptly, "Pray, Sir, did you ever see me before?"

"No, Madam," answered Mr. Hermsprong; "but that is my misfortune; I might have seen you before you had engaged your heart, had I earlier known its value. Your father is my friend. To your house I am now going. My name is Hermsprong, Madam."

"Mr. Hermsprong! Oh dear! well, I declare this is the most extraordinary thing! Yes, Sir, I know you are expected; there is no gentleman in the world my father talks of so much."

"I shall see him with double pleasure, Madam, if I am so happy as to be able to do a service to his daughter."

"I

"I believe Mr. Fillygrove is in some distress, Sir,—and—"

"On your account, Miss Sumelin, Mr. Fillygrove should be welcome to my purse, if I could forget the use he designs to make of it."

Miss Sumelin did not answer; she did not even look up.

"Pray," the gentleman asked, "in what situation is Mr. Fillygrove?"

"Sir," says the lady, blushing, "he is only my father's clerk; but I assure you, Sir, he is very accomplished."

"I am unhappily so ignorant as not to know the exact meaning of this pretty word, accomplishment."

"Oh, but you do, Sir; for you must be very accomplished yourself."

"Must I, Madam? It is a most charming necessity. Pray, is it made up of honour and honesty, of learning, of knowledge, of virtue, of integrity?"

“ It’s made up of every thing that is elegant and genteel.”

“ Then I fear I have not hit upon the proper ingredients.”

Mr. Fillygrove, at this instant, came dancing forward in the familiar style; a “damme, my buck,” was ready to burst from his lips, when an “ Oh dear, Mr. Fillygrove, do you know that this gentleman is Mr. Hermsprong,” sunk him into littleness; an effect, possibly, of the estimation he knew that gentleman was held in by Mr. Sumelin; or, more probably, of a certain quantity of thousands which Mr. Fillygrove himself had given him credit for in his master’s books.

Mr. Fillygrove, as soon as he could speak, said, “ He hoped Mr. Hermsprong would pardon the familiarity he had treated him with this morning, and do them the honour to take a breakfast, which was then ready.”

Mr.

Mr. Hermsprong accepted the latter proposal, and had the goodness, as he led her along, to say many obliging things to Miss Sumelin, which, it is probable, she was full as much pleased with as Mr. Fillygrove, who seemed changed all at once from the pert coxcomb to the fullen boy.

Miss Wavel was preparing the tea; Mr. Hermsprong was announced; but as this lady had not before heard him spoken of, she thought nothing more of him than that he was the good-natured gentleman Mr. Fillygrove had just become acquainted with; and she was surprised to find this young man mute, Miss Sumelin reserved, the stranger pensive, and inattentive to the little attentions which, as dispenser of the breakfast, she had an opportunity to shew him.

Breakfast over, Mr. Hermsprong addressed Miss Sumelin, requesting she would favour him with her company in his parlour, or in the garden.

"But pray, Sir," said Miss Wavel, "have you any thing particular to say to Miss Sumelin?"

"I have, Madam," answered Hermsprong.

"But, Sir, I must beg leave to inform you, Sir, that Miss Sumelin, Sir, has put herself more peculiarly under my care, Sir; so that it is not proper any thing should be said to her, that is not said before me."

"Do you confirm this, Miss Sumelin?" asked Hermsprong.

Miss Sumelin said, with some degree of confusion, "She could not deny that she had relied very much upon Miss Wavel."

"Very well; the garden is a private one; we shall all be less liable to interruption there than here," said Hermsprong, leading Miss Sumelin; the other two condescending to follow, but in no very placid dispositions.

"I think you are very ill treated, Mr. Fillygrove," whispered Miss Wavel.

"Yes, damme, so do I."

"You

“ You are a gentleman as well as he: Speak your mind; and ask him, before he begins to give his impertinent advice, whether he means to oblige you, as he promised, or not.”

“ So I will,” said Fillygrove; “ so I will,” advancing. “ Pray, Mr. Herm sprong,—I beg to know—I desire to be informed—whether you are disposed to oblige us, as you promised this morning?”

“ Certainly,” Mr. Herm sprong replied, “ I am disposed to oblige Miss Sumelin; but not convinced that the mode of assistance you require, would be an obligation.”

“ What the devil do you mean by that?”

“ I mean, Sir,” said Mr. Herm sprong, “ that Miss Sumelin may one day think she has been too precipitate in a matter of infinite consequence; and I would save her all possible regret.”

“ This was treating Miss Sumelin very like a child indeed,” Miss Wavel said.

“ How it may appear in your eyes, Madam,” Mr. Herm sprong replied, “ is of little

consequence to me. In mine, Miss Sumelin seems to have been driven to error by the influence of passion, or by some other influence perhaps still more malignant," looking Miss Wavel steadfastly in the face. "Miss Sumelin," he continued, is very young, and probably has not considered the consequences of a clandestine marriage,—of offending her father,—of disgracing perhaps her family."

"Sir!" says Fillygrove, assuming a big look.

"I venture to make the supposition, Mr. Fillygrove," Mr. Hermsprong said, "because if you had just pretensions to the honour of Miss Sumelin's hand, you would have taken more honourable methods to have obtained it."

"Honourable, Sir?" said Fillygrove.

"Honourable, Mr. Fillygrove," replied Mr. Hermsprong.

"This is damned odd usage," said the other. "Honourable!"

"Miss

“ Miss Sumelin, will you permit me to enquire if your father’s consent has been asked?”

“ No,” replied Miss Wavel; “ we knew it would not have been granted.”

“ Pray, why?” asked Mr. Hermsprong.

“ Why! why, because it would not. I don’t understand why gentlemen should ask questions which don’t concern ’em,”

“ I presume,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “ I have the honour of speaking to some near relation of your’s, Miss Sumelin?”

“ What signifies it, whether I am a relation or not?”

“ Miss Sumelin, is it your pleasure that my respectful questions to you should be answered by this lady?”

“ Yes,” replied Miss Wavel; “ for she is under my care.”

“ To be very sincere with you, Madam,” Mr. Hermsprong said, “ your care appears to deserve the animadversion of a Court of Justice; and take care it has it not.”

“ Me!

“ Me! me!” says the enraged Miss Wavel, “ I defy you ; it is well known that I am a person of character and piety; and, Mr. Fillygrove, if you had the spirit of a man, you would not see me insulted in this cruel manner, and all for you.”

“ Sir, I think this very improper treatment,” said Fillygrove, “ and I demand satisfaction.”

“ Of what sort ?” asked Mr. Hermsprong, coolly.

“ Of a gentleman, Sir! I don’t travel without pistols.”

“ I think, Mr. Fillygrove,” said Hermsprong, with a smile, “ we had better leave this species of folly to gentlemen born ; if it gets among gentlemen by assumption, where will it stop ?”

“ That,” says Miss Wavel, “ is as much as to say you are no gentleman ; though it’s well known your father has above a hundred a year in land.”

“ Yes,

"Yes, Sir; do you say I'm no gentleman?" asked Fillygrove.

"I allow your title, Sir, as far as your father's hundred a year can give it you. It does not seem to be due to you by your manners, or your morals, if this enterprize is to be taken as a specimen."

"Damme if you don't say every thing you can to provoke me; and curse me if I'll bear it," said Fillygrove, advancing with an air of menace.

"Impertinence before ladies," said Mr. Hermsprong, "does not merit a gentleman's chastisement. Take that, Sir, which is due to you," giving the young man a hearty shake, and carrying him off with violence to some distance; "there," he said, "Mr. Fillygrove, I am sorry you oblige me to use you with contempt. Forbear, before ladies, the airs and language of a duellist; if, when we separate, you incline to that mode of satisfaction, I am quite ready to indulge you."

Mr. Fillygrove was rather inclined to be sick. Miss Sumelin had given a little shriek, and looked, and was indeed affrighted. Miss Wavel had infinitely more rage than terror.

“If I were a man,” said she, “I would die before I would be treated in this manner.”

“Good God!” said Mr. Fillygrove, “what would you have? Don’t you see my dear Miss Sumelin is dying with fear;—but don’t be apprehensive, my dear creature; I would not distress you for the world; I will not call Mr. Hermsprong out; I won’t indeed, my dear.”

“Miss Sumelin,” said Mr. Hermsprong, “I am weary of these follies. With this gentleman and this lady I can have no concern: they do not entitle themselves to my esteem. If you will permit me to be your friend, I shall think it an honour; at least give me the opportunity of half an hour’s conversation with yourself. If after that you chuse to persist in your undertaking,

taking, with all good wishes for your future felicity, I must submit."

"Sir," said Miss Harriet, "I will attend you."

Whilst Hermsprong was leading her back to the hotel, Miss Wavel began her abuse of Fillygrove, which she extended so far, that the young man's patience gave way; he resorted to her abuse, and swore that he would go back to England without troubling himself any more about her.

"You—you fool," says she, "you have not sense to find your way back,—you know you have not. Have I not been obliged to direct every thing? And where will you have money to pay your passage?"

"I'll sell my watch," replied Fillygrove; "it's a gold one of my grandmother's," and he put his hand to his fob. "Zounds," says he, "it's gone! Where the devil can it be? I am certain I had it when I first met Hermsprong. Oh dear! sure I could not have

have lost it upon Miss Sumelin's bed, when, when, you know, Miss Wavel, we stayed a little after her."

Miss Wavel was frightened at this intelligence: "But come," says she, "we must seek for it. It's a very foolish thing, Mr. Fillygrove, for you and I to quarrel, so tenderly as we have been connected. And sure, if I did not love you, as dear Solomon says, beyond the love of women, I could never consent to give you up, for your own good, to a rival."

Mr. Fillygrove confessed her goodness, and they returned to seek the watch.

In the interim a German girl, a lower maid-servant, came into the room where Mr. Hermsprong was reasoning the matter with Miss Sumelin, with this very watch in her hand; and asked the lady, in her own language, if it was her's?

"Lord

"Lord bless me," says Miss Sumelin, "what does the girl say?"

"She enquires if that watch is your's," Mr. Hermsprong replied.

"No," Miss Sumelin said, "it was not; but (looking at it) it is Mr. Fillygrove's; I know it by the chain. Pray ask where she found it?"

Upon Madam's bed, was the answer.

"Upon your bed, Miss Sumelin," said Mr. Hermsprong.

"Oh dear," the young lady exclaimed, "what a vile story! what do you deserve, you lying huffey!"

The girl could not answer, for she did not understand; she perceived the young lady angry, but had no notion of the cause.

"Mr. Hermsprong," said the lady, "I hope you give no credit to this audacious creature."

"I

"I will believe precisely what you would have me, Miss Sumelin," Mr. Hermsprong answered. And yet, notwithstanding his complaisant powers of belief, he did, at this instant, suspect an intimacy which Miss Sumelin had not formed.

At this moment Fillygrove and Miss Wavel passed by the window, having sought the watch in vain. Miss Sumelin ran to call them in.

"Here," says she, "here is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove; and the girl says she found it upon my bed."

"That's impossible, Miss," said Fillygrove, "impossible;" and he began to abuse the poor girl in rough English, snatching the watch out of her hand.

"Is this the way," Mr. Hermsprong asked, "in which you reward the girl for her honesty?"

"Damn

"Damn her honesty! what does she lie for? But, perhaps, you have bribed her to it," says poor Fillygrove.

"You will have the goodness to correct that expression," says Mr. Hermsprong, coolly, "otherwise, (seizing him by the collar) I shall take the liberty to cane you, Mr. Fillygrove, till you feel your error pretty sensibly."

"Well, I will, I will," said Fillygrove; "what the devil would you have?"

"Very well, Sir. Now to the watch. Miss Sumelin, is it your pleasure to proceed in the enquiry, or permit it silently to drop?"

"Sir, I insist on enquiring. I can't bear such an odious supposition."

"This is your watch, Mr. Fillygrove?" asked Hermsprong,

"Yes, it is."

"Where did you lose it?"

"Zounds! that's what I want to know."

"This girl says she found it on Miss Sumelin's bed. Perhaps she mistakes one room

room for another. Will you, ladies, permit her to shew you?"

"Yes, Sir," said Miss Sumelin, "and you shall go with us; for I will have my innocence cleared."

Mr. Hermsprong giving the maid directions, they all followed up stairs; and the girl, laying her hand on the bed in which the two English ladies had slept, "I found it," says she, "just here;" Mr. Hermsprong interpreted.

"Oh dear," says Miss Wavel, "now I remember; I dare say it's all very true. You know, Mr. Fillygrove, that you came here this morning, to tell us of your meeting with this gentleman, and how he promised to be your friend. As to his friendship, one sees well enough what that is. And you know you asked Miss Sumelin to walk down into the garden; and when she was gone, you may remember how you threw yourself down upon the bed, and kissed the pillow on which she

she had lain; and how dearly you loved every thing that she had touched. To be sure then your watch fell out of your pocket."

"Yes, I remember all the whole circumstance now exactly," said Fillygrove.

"Very well," said Hermsprong; "you are satisfied, Miss Sumelin?"

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Hermsprong?" she asked.

"Perfectly," answered the gentleman. "To have been an eye-witness would scarce have convinced me more." Then giving the maid half a guinea, he dismissed her; and, addressing himself to Miss Wavel, he said, "You seem, Madam, to have doubted the sincerity of my friendship for Mr. Fillygrove; you will doubt it no longer, when I advise him—to marry *you*. Miss Sumelin, shall I attend you to renew our conversation?"

This young lady followed without a word; astonished herself, and leaving Fillygrove and Miss Wavel in a state of stupefaction, which

which seemed to have deprived them, even of the power of abuse.

The creeping, fawning explanation of Miss Wavel with the awkward acquiescence of Fillygrove, had turned what was suspicion of Miss Sumelin, in the mind of Mr. Herm sprong, into a certainty of his mistake; and, by the consideration of all the circumstances, he was convinced Miss Sumelin was a victim of treachery. Nor was it difficult to convince Miss Sumelin also, who now recollected a multitude of little matters, which were, in her present disposition of mind, proofs, although till this instant not any of them had scarce created a suspicion; such unmerciful work do the passions of man and woman kind make with their judgments.

But the question of returning back to Falmouth, always brought Miss Sumelin into a fit of something anciently called in England, the pouts. A lady falls into this fit usually when reason, propriety, decorum are against a thing which she has a great inclination to do;

do; when she is unable to say any thing in its favour, yet cannot get it out of her head, or heart, as the case may be. At length, much urged, this sentiment fell from her lovely lips, "That it was well known she left Falmouth to—to—to change her condition; and not to do it,—what should she be but an object of ridicule to every body."

Mr. Hermsprong began to grow weary, and consequently grave. A deviation from rectitude, he said, seldom produced any thing but a choice of evils; and he asked which would be the greatest, to marry Mr. Fillygrove after what had passed, or not to do it?

She did not know, she said; then, casting her eyes upon the ground, with an air so modest and timid, she added; To be sure, after what had passed, there might be persons she should prefer.

What Miss Sumelin meant, I do not know. It is a little enigma, and I leave the solution

to ladies. Mr. Hermsprong was trying to solve it, perhaps, for he was silent, when Miss Sumelin, raising her timid eye, and finding in Mr. Hermsprong's unanimated face, nothing that pleased her, she resumed her pouts, and remained silent to all the gentleman was pleased to say.

Quite wearied out, Mr. Hermsprong asked her if a walk to see the town would be agreeable.

"She could not be supposed to be much amused," she said, "in her situation."

"I see," Mr. Hermsprong said, "my services are disagreeable to you; so I beg leave to wish you happiness and a good morning."

Miss Sumelin had now some hours to herself. Angry at Mr. Hermsprong, she felt herself kindly disposed to the other delinquents, one at least; for what signifies what he did before he was married? she durst say
he

he would have been true and constant to her afterwards. Besides, she should never have known it, but for that impertinent Herm-sprong.

But the culprit was not to be found, to reap the benefit of her forgiveness. Instead of him, she found Miss Wavel in the room they had slept in, all in tears. On the approach of Miss Sumelin, the tears fell in showers; and she had, besides, all the symptoms of going into hysterics. When she could speak, she told her tale: she did not deny her love for Mr. Fillygrove, nor its consequences; but she made it out so clear that Miss Sumelin had the greatest of obligations to her, that of giving up a beloved youth, because he loved, and was beloved by another person, that Miss Sumelin became almost persuaded she had acted upon the purest principles of friendship. A reconciliation took place; but where was Fillygrove? Alas! an hour before Miss Wavel and he had resumed their quarrel; he had left her, threat-

ening not to return. Poor dear young man! she feared his rashness; for he said something about the sea.

The dear young man, in the meantime, had met with Mr. Hermsprong upon the pier; and, much to the surprise of the latter, accosted him with a diffident and humble air, begging permission to say a few words. He then informed Mr. Hermsprong that he had been at two shops, in order to sell his watch; and not being able to make himself understood, had come hither to pick up an honest English sailor to be his interpreter, but had not been able to find one.

“Is it to complete your intended enterprise with Miss Sumelin, that you desire to raise money by the watch?” Mr. Hermsprong asked.

“Oh, no, Sir; I have done with that; I want only to get back to England, and to pay Miss Wavel’s passage; for I dare say you

you will have the goodness to take care of Miss Sumelin."

"Well, Sir, here comes the Captain of the English packet, with whom I have agreed for Miss Sumelin's passage and my own. I will also agree with him for Miss Wavel's and your's; and I will pay him, as also your expences in Ostend. When we arrive at Dover, I will make you a present of ten guineas, to enable you to convey Miss Wavel back to Falmouth, if she chuses; but this upon condition, that you drop all clandestine intercourse with Miss Sumelin, nor attempt to speak to her before her arrival at Falmouth. I have no doubt but a prudent behaviour may still procure you Miss Sumelin, with the consent of her father; and when I see your frivolous vanity changed into the pride of good sense and rectitude, I will ask her for you."

Mr. Fillygrove promised every thing, and was directed to another inn, there to procure an apartment for Miss Wavel, and wait

till he could be informed in what ship they were to go.

In the meantime the ladies were bewailing their mutual misfortunes, till they found themselves hungry. The hour of dinner was past. No one took any notice of them. At length a billet arrived from Fillygrove to Miss Wavel.

“ I wait for you to dine at the Pelican. Pray accompany the messenger. I have a great deal to say. Respectful love and duty to Miss Sumelin, but I must not see her.”

At the same time a message came from Mr. Hermsprong to Miss Sumelin, requesting her company to dinner. No mention of Miss Wavel. These were extraordinary circumstances; but had there been no other reason with the ladies for compliance, curiosity would have been sufficient; and Miss Sumelin had her's completely gratified after dinner by Mr. Hermsprong, who informed her,

her, with his true frankness of character, what he had done with respect to Fillygrove, and what he intended respecting herself. "And I leave it to your choice, Madam," says he, "to permit me the honour of being your escort, or Miss Wavel. In the latter case, I shall not have the pleasure to see you again till your arrival at Falmouth; but I will take care your necessary expences shall be supplied."

Miss Sumelin pouted, as usual; and Mr. Hermsprong found her a companion so little agreeable to his taste, that he began to think it would be more for his ease to endure Miss Wavel. A similar revolution of sentiment had happened to Miss Sumelin: so, when Mr. Hermsprong told her that he should have the pleasure of giving up his opinion to her's, she answered, she had resolved to conform to his. A contest ensued; but as the lady had stumbled on the flattering supposition, that in a *tête-à-tête* of two days and nights, she might display all her charms; and Mr. Hermsprong

K 4

having

having no sentiment which operated the contrary way with equal force, he gave it up, and quickly resigned himself to the dispensations of Providence.

To reward him, the lady drew forth her whole stock of airs and graces. She sighed; she languished; she had even moments of unutterable softness. "She is the daughter of my friend," he was obliged to say very often, and he did it with shortened breath; "shall I rescue her from disgrace, to plunge her into dishonour?" Conqueror, at length he delivered her safe into her father's protection, and made her his enemy for life.

CHAP. XVII.

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MRS. MERRICK'S death, an event which happened sooner than was expected, was scarcely more afflictive to Miss Campinet, than inconvenient to Lord Grondale. It brought him into a terrible dilemma respecting Mrs. Stone, the person of merit I mentioned in my fifth chapter.

I know not what other consideration, except her merit and misfortunes, could have  
K 5 induced

induced his Lordship to have placed her at the head of his table, as well as of his household; but this post of honour she had now enjoyed for several years. If Miss Campinet resided at the Hall, all the laws of decorum required that Mrs. Stone should resign; but it is not, I believe, much to the taste of the female sex, to give up precedence. Lord Grondale explained the dilemma to Mrs. Stone, by way of asking her advice; not without hopes that, struck by the necessity of the case, she would, of her own accord, make the offer of resignation. Instead of this, she offered to his Lordship's consideration a plan of a very different kind—an expedient, she said, which would reconcile all things; which his Lordship had given her many reasons to believe he would one day have recourse to, and for which, to speak her opinion, no time was so proper as the present.

Lord Grondale, not taking time for consideration, replied to this with more hauteur  
than

than gallantry. The lady was offended, and said, since his Lordship did not like the expedient she had proposed, he knew the alternative.

Now this alternative was almost as little to his Lordship's taste, as Mrs Stone's principal expedient : it required the payment of a very respectable sum of money, not less than 5000l., which his Lordship, from motives of purest benevolence, and charmed by her condescension, articted to pay whenever choice or accident altered their respective situations relative to each other.

Lord Grondale's politeness and gallantry returned upon him all at once.

" No, Mrs. Stone," he said, and he took her hand ; " no, I find it absolutely impossible to part with you. Things must remain as they are."

So, since Mrs. Stone would not, Miss Campinet *must* submit; and Lord Grondale had the goodness to prepare her for the necessity, by the usual argument of great people—*sic volo*.



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CHAP. XVIII.  
  
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PEOPLE, young or old, excluded from society, are apt to contract oddities, particularly as was the case of Miss Campinet, the oddity of reflection. I do not mean, that ladies who live in the world, do not think—they do very much; but their study is chiefly ornamental architecture; with what variety of graceful draperies to adorn the loveliest fabric of nature—with what stucco to increase its external brilliance. Miss Campinet having

ing less occasion for this first philosophy of ladies, her studies were confined to inferior objects—to the operations of the human mind, the right or wrong of human actions.

It did not appear to Miss Campinet that there was much of wisdom or virtue in Lord Grondale's general conduct regarding Mrs. Stone; but she had determined that it ill became a daughter to judge a father; and that filial obedience was almost the first of virtues.

Upon the strength of this singular conclusion, she sat down quietly to table with the person of merit, without assuming the privilege of young ladies, to pout, or purse up her pretty lips, or indulge herself in any of those tokens of contempt and dissatisfaction which nature or custom has provided for such cases.

But

But this was all. Her duty required she should treat Mrs. Stone with the exterior marks of civility, but not that she should associate with her; for besides this lady's suspicious situation with respect to Lord Grondale, she was not polished—was little studious of intellectual entertainment, though by no means deficient in understanding, and rather an adept in the cunning which self-interest will usually dictate—even to ministers of state, when they quit—and when do they not quit?—the straight paths of rectitude, for those of crooked policy. Miss Campinet, therefore, rose from table with her father, and retired to her sitting apartment, there to read a little, to work a little, to weep a little, to think a little upon Lippen Crag, her providential delivery, and her proud deliverer.

CHAP. XIX.

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IN the night of the —, a storm, such as had not been remembered, rushed down Grondale vale, from north to south. It was accompanied by excessive rain, thunder, and lightning. The latter had damaged the spire of the steeple, and had set fire to a cottage, which was burned to the ground. The other cottages were mostly unroofed, and the straw carried to incredible distances.

The



The Reverend Doctor Blick, having been disturbed in the night, lay an hour longer than usual. When he had breakfasted, he thought it his duty to go about the village, and give spiritual aid, if any person wanted it. At the first cottage, he found Miss Campinet, who said, "I did not doubt but I should meet you, Sir, on the unhappy business of this morning. You find great devastation. The storm was terrible."

"Not being myself well," the Doctor answered, "I am only just come into the village."

"Here is a gentleman has been amongst the cottagers ever since the dawn of day. All the labourers are at work to repair their respective damages. He promises their usual pay to all, and a gratuity over to those he finds most industrious. In the meantime, the butcher is stripped of his meat, and the baker of his bread, for the use of the women and children. His name is Hermsprong. Perhaps you know him?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "yes, I do know something of him—I wish I could say, something good. But, Madam, he is a proud, haughty young man, who, thinks too well of himself to pay a proper respect to his betters. Over and above this, Madam, he is an infidel; and you know, without faith, our best works are splendid sins."

"So this profusion of benevolence is with you, Doctor, only a splendid sin?"

"Nothing more, Miss Campinet. A pure stream cannot flow from a corrupt fountain."

"You prefer faith, then, to charity?"

"Certainly, Miss Campinet,—to every thing: so I hope do you?"

"I hope I believe as I ought; but I own, Doctor, I feel a bias in favour of such splendid sins."

The conversation was stopped by the hasty approach of Mr. Hermsprong, who, with a respectful bow, said, "I hope I see Miss Campinet well?"

She

She answered with a curtsy.

“Never,” he continued, “could I see her more lovely than when warm with the healthful glow of humanity.”

“This is poetry, Sir,” said the lady; “I must take care how I take it for praise; and Doctor Blick has been informing me, that benevolent propensities, without faith, are only splendid sins.”

“Surely,” Mr. Hermsprong replied, “under any system, kindness to our suffering fellow-creatures cannot be sin. But faith is the Doctor’s vocation. It is his to speak comfort to the soul, and at yonder cottage, (pointing to a distant one) is a proper object of his care; a poor woman in agonies for her little one, who perished, I know not how, in the confusion of the night. To me belongs the inferior care of administering to the wants of the body.”

“In this,” said Miss Campinet, “I hope I may be permitted to share.”

“Lovely

“ Lovely Miss Campinet! your propensities are all amiable. The poor bless you. May they always bless you! But that I would not subject you to scenes of distress, there is an object——” said Mr. Hermsprong.

“ Dear Mr. Hermsprong! don’t think of my distress;” and Miss Campinet coloured rosy red as she spoke. Whether it was a glow of the heart, arising from the thought of being able to do good, or a simple blush at the “ dear Mr. Hermsprong,” I cannot exactly say. It was a lapse, no doubt; occasioned, perhaps, by a sudden warmth of sentiment. Mr. Hermsprong, however, did not appear to notice it in the least; but said, “ The object I speak of, is a young woman, the school mistress of the village, thrown by this night’s horror into premature labour.”

“ I know her,” said Miss Campinet; “ she is very respectable; but wants, I fear, aid superior to mine.”

“ A gentleman of the Faculty is sent for,” Mr. Hermsprong answered; “ but I fear the rashness of those about her: it is better to  
keep



keep her a little longer in pain, than expose her to danger."

"I understand you, Sir," said the lady, "and will endeavour to be of use."

"Permit me to conduct you, Madam. Doctor, good-morrow!"

The Doctor returned a nod, and a look which had not in it much of courtesy; for he felt himself offended by the careless air of superiority assumed by Hermsprong. Nor could he but remember the Golden Ball, and the dignified manner of his bidding adieu there. Altogether, there was something in this young man which rendered it quite as eligible to the Doctor, to avoid as to seek a rencontre with him. He scorned, however, to be directed by the puppy, even to a work of salvation; so, instead of seeking the cottage of despair, he turned another way, asked a few questions, received mortifying answers, for they were in praise of Hermsprong, and then took his way to the Hall.

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**CHAP. XX.**

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**L**ET us now attend Miss Campinet to the house of parturition. It was a long walk. I am not certain whether Mr. Hermsprong did not put the poor woman to more pain than nature did, for the sake of it; for when they arrived, the danger was over. But, upon the road, the lady's servant keeping a respectful distance, they had some little conversation. The lady began it with saying, she was sorry she could not acknowledge her obligation

ligation to him a better way than by words, and that she must be obliged to chance or misfortune, even for that opportunity.

“ For the latter, Miss Campinet, it is I who ought to feel the sorrow,” Mr. Herm sprong answered; “ and indeed Fortune, or whatever god or goddess has the disposal of this part of my fate, does not treat me well. When I consider who it was I had the happiness to save,—when I see her all beauty and grace,—when I hear her all intelligence, and hear of her all angel, I rise in my own estimation—I find myself higher than the Cæsars, and the other slaughterers,—nay, so high, that I almost think myself entitled to the reward I asked.”

“ To that slender reward, if you chuse to call it so, a much smaller degree of merit would have entitled you; but I am sorry you have learned to flatter.”

“ To flatter! nay, at most it is only truth a little heightened. In praise of beauty one

becomes

becomes poetical. Are young ladies pleased to be praised with cold and exact precision?"

"It would be better perhaps they were."

"Possibly so; but since that is not their taste, what can poor young men do?"

"I am sorry our sex should lay your's under the necessity of estimating female merit by a false scale."

"Nay, Miss Campinet; men, unless they are in love, appreciate the merits of ladies very well. The error lies in custom, which seems to sanctify a little extravagance of expression in the cause of the fair."

"I could have wished your extravagance in that particular, Mr. Hermsprong, had been less."

"I am scarce sensible of any, Miss Campinet."

"I am."

"It is not proper Miss Campinet should think of herself as I do of her."

"Is not that, Sir, a confession that you do not think justly?"

"I



“ I must take the liberty to tell Miss Campinet, she has no right to dispute my taste.”

“ One may, at least, call in question the existence of the qualities you ascribe to the object of it.”

“ No, Madam, they exist to me; and whilst they do so, can you wonder that I should wish to increase my happiness by your society, and hope for your esteem?”

“ My esteem, Sir, you must always command; and I should injure myself to reject your society, did it depend upon myself. But Lord Grondale——”

“ Thinks me deficient in respect to him?”

“ I believe so, Sir.”

“ He thinks truly. Whether the frankness I have learned in my youth be, in highly polished countries, a virtue or vice, I know not. Miss Campinet will pardon me, if the plain and simple truth, to which I have been habituated, comes from me too soon and too unguarded.”

“ Every thing may be pardoned in favour of truth.”

“ Lord Grondale dislikes my manners, and I his. Humility to a proud man is a price I cannot pay—even for life.”

The sentiment, and the mode of utterance, made Miss Campinet turn to look at her companion. She had before thought him possessed of the finest face she ever beheld; it seemed improved now by the animation which lightened from his eyes. But young ladies are not permitted to look long or intently upon young men; so, resuming her position, she said, “ Do you know any country in the world, Mr. Herm sprong, where this price is not paid ?”

“ Amongst the Aborigines of America, Miss Campinet. Then, (added Mr. Herm sprong, with a smile,) I was born a savage.”

Miss Campinet felt the strangest sort of feel; she never could tell what it was like.

“ You

"You astonish me, Sir," said she; "but there is mystery; you are not of savage parents?"

"No; of unfortunate Europeans; I might have been born in France."

"England, I presume, has had the greatest share in your education?"

"No, Miss Campinet; till a few weeks since, I never saw England; the language, equally with French, and that of an Indian tribe, I have spoken from infancy."

"But—your manners!"

"Cannot, I fear, be to the taste of English ladies. I have indeed been learning to dance, and make a bow in France. It is six years since I have been endeavouring to acquire European arts. Of my progress I cannot boast. I cannot learn to offer incense at the shrines of wealth and power, nor any shrines but of probity and virtue. I cannot learn to surrender my opinion from complaisance, or from any principle of adulation. Nor can I learn to suppress the sentiments of a free-born mind, from any fear, religious or political.

Such uncourtly obduracy has my savage education produced."

"I must own, Mr. Hermsprong, you interest me; you make me desirous of deserving your esteem and friendship. But, situated as I am——You know, Sir, I do not command in my father's house."

"Perhaps it is the only place where you do not, or might not, if you please."

"Did you," Miss Campinet asked with a smile, "did you learn this of the Aborigines of America? It tastes of France."

"One learns something every where."

"Is not flattery a diminution of that integrity of which you just now gave so pleasing a specimen?"

"I am told it is of the first necessity to ladies; so to please them, one goes out of one's way sometimes."

"If so, let them have it; but let it not be administered by the Hermsprongs of the age."

"I



" I desire to please especially the Miss Campinets, who are not too abundant. But how to please, I fear I have still to learn."

" I entreat you, go not to the school of flattery for it."

" So entreated, I will not, even for Miss Campinet."

They had now arrived at the door of the cottage, and finding the accoucheur come, and every thing in a fair way, nothing was left for Miss Campinet to do. Supposing Lord Grondale might expect her at breakfast, she took the road to the Hall, from whence this house was not far distant. But her conversation began to grow irregular; she seemed embarrassed. In reality, she was afraid of her father's displeasure, if seen with Mr. Hermsprong; yet how could she hint her fears, or how be unpolite to a gentleman, she had more and more reason to esteem? Luckily he saw her embarrassment, and guessed its cause. He stopped; and taking her hand

with the most respectful air possible, he said, "Miss Campinet will permit me, what indeed she cannot prevent, to interest myself in her happiness and peace. Fortune, I hope, will again and again give me the pleasure of this morning, without its calamity." He bowed, touched her glove with his lips, and was out of sight in an instant.

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CHAP. XXI.  
  

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THE Reverend Doctor Blick found his Lordship hobbling along the terrace, aided by his two sticks, and rather in a fretful mood. The butler had been informing him of the ravages of the night, and, which unavoidably followed, of Mr. Hermsprong's activity in repairing them. The person of merit also had mentioned to his Lordship, that Miss Campinet had gone early out upon her charitable functions; and had added that, no

L. 4

doubt,

doubt, in her progress she would meet Mr. Hermsprong; and that two such benevolent people could not meet upon so charitable a business, without being highly delighted with each other.

Lord Grondale, though sufficiently attentive to such matters, did not just now regard the profound humility of Doctor Blick's salutation; but asked him abruptly, if he had seen that strange impertinent fellow, that Hermsprong?

The Doctor answered, "Yes, my Lord, I have just left him."

"What, where, when? I suppose you are grown intimate," said Lord Grondale.

"How can your Lordship do me the injustice to suppose it?" said the Doctor. "I—I coalesce with a man who has failed in respect to your Lordship? No, my Lord. But going amongst my parishioners this morning,

to



to endeavour to alleviate their miseries, I met the young man——”

“Sporting his ostentatious charity——”

“Just, my Lord; the epithet is perfectly adaptive.”

“Saw you Miss Campinet?”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“And she, Sir,—what did she do?”

“Hermsprong told her of a poor woman in labour, and they went together.”

“Together! the benevolence of that is admirable. Together! Rank and property have lost half their value, at least, in this liberal age. I believe, Doctor, you and I may live to see the unfortunate hour when they will have lost the whole. Such fellows! damn him!” said his Lordship, with energy.

In the flow of holy effervescence, the Reverend Doctor Blick had almost said, Amen, to Lord Grondale’s prayer; but it came across him, that to say Amen, was an inferior office; so he chose rather to content himself

with expressing his astonishment that any man, much more such a man, should presume to offend his Lordship.

"But," continued the good Doctor, "it is a licentious age: pride and insolence are the characteristics of young men now."

"I think, Doctor, I shall find a way to lower both."

"I hope you will, my Lord."

"I never in my life so much disliked a man."

"He is shockingly disagreeable, my Lord, indeed."

"They say he has travelled."

"So he says himself, my Lord; but he owns it was on foot."

"A very convincing proof, in my opinion, of the strength of his purse."

"Undoubtedly, my Lord; very convincing."

"Yet they talk of his generosity. Old women, I suppose, for pennyworths of snuff and tobacco; and they say, God bless his  
sweet

sweet pretty face! so he swells with vanity almost to bursting."

"Certainly," said the Doctor, laughing, or endeavouring to laugh. "For true humour your Lordship has no equal."

"I suppose he has exerted himself to-day, in order to eclipse the Lord of the parish."

"I dare say your Lordship is right. I saw at once his charity did not flow from Christian benevolence."

"For my part, I have no opinion of these charitable ebullitions."

"Your Lordship is perfectly happy in your terms. Yes, ebullitions—bubbles."

"Indiscriminate giving is not my taste: I chuse to consider my objects."

"If all charities had your Lordship for a director, they would be bestowed more to the praise and glory of God, than I fear they now are."

"Does any body know where this young fool comes from?"

"No, my Lord."

"A French refugee, perhaps?"

" Perhaps so, my Lord."

" But he speaks English too well."

" That is a just observation, my Lord."

" Probably he has spent his fortune, and comes to hide his shame where he is unknown."

" Exceeding probable, my Lord."

" It is still more probable he never had a fortune to spend, and is now on the hunt for one."

" I confess, my Lord, this is the higher probability."

" My daughter would be a pretty catch. A lucky hit, Doctor, that of catching the chair horse."

" Vastly lucky, my Lord."

" Not that horses are apt to leap down crags; but to timid minds, terror magnifies possibilities into certainties."

" You look quite into human nature, my Lord."

" Miss Campinet, like other sweet young ladies, has, no doubt, a tender and grateful heart;



heart; and what reward can be too great for an action so terribly heroic?"

"Your Lordship is so humorous."

There are men—classes of men, I believe, to whom no human attainment is so useful and profitable as affentation. It is for the benefit of young beginners in this respectable art, that I have recorded this dialogue. Dr. Blick was an adept. He cannot but be a Bishop.

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CHAP. XXII.  
  
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THE terrace on which Lord Grondale was now exercising Dr. Blick and himself, had a spacious prospect. Lord Grondale, at the instant of concluding his last sentence, happened to cast his eyes on the spot where Mr. Hermsprong was taking leave of his heroic daughter, at the conclusion of the twentieth chapter.

“ There,

“ There, Blick, there !” cried his Lordship ; “ damn it, there !” For anger will not be always obedient to polished manners ; and Lords, nay parsons, will swear on sufficient provocation. As Miss Campinet approached the garden gate, Lord Grondale, full of rage, flew to meet her with all the velocity of a man crippled by gout. It happened that Mr. Glen was at this instant passing by, from Sithin, where he had slept the night before ; and where he had informed himself concerning a young woman, who had once waited on Miss Campinet, and with whom she was deservedly a favourite. This young lady asked Mr. Glen of her ; his answer was, that she seemed every day to grow worse.

“ Alas !” said Miss Campinet, “ I fear then there is little room to hope.”

“ Indeed, Miss Campinet,” answered Glen, in a tone of sorrow,—“ indeed I have no hope !”

At

At this critical moment, Lord Grondale, inflamed with rage, burst through the gate.

“What impertinent language is this?” said he, furiously; “how dare you, Sir, speak to my daughter in such terms?”

“I do not comprehend your Lordship,” was Mr. Glen’s reply.

“Miss Campinet,” said her father, “walk in, and wait my permission to go out again.”

“What have I done to deserve this, Sir?” asked his fair daughter.

“Every thing I should wish you not to do. Five minutes since you were coquetting with that impertinent puppy, that Hermsprong, who comes from you know not where; and now you were permitting this worthy gentleman to talk to you of his hopes. A man who ought to think himself honoured by such permission to your woman.”

“Indeed, my Lord,” said his fair daughter, weeping as she went in, “indeed you are in an error.”

“That

"That now is woman," said his Lordship; "I must not believe my eyes;" then directing a stern look at Glen, "nor I suppose my ears."

"For Miss Campinet's sake, my Lord, I will, if you chuse it, explain the simple words which have shook your Lordship so horribly," replied Mr. Glen.

"I ask no explanation," his Lordship exclaimed; "I will receive none. I disgrace myself, by condescending to talk with you at all."

"I am happy in your contempt, my Lord," replied Glen.

"There, Doctor," said his Lordship, "there!"

"I am shocked, my Lord," said the complaisant Doctor; "Mr. Glen, have you lost your senses? Do you know the respect, I should say reverence, due from such as you to such exalted characters as Lord Grondale?"

"I think I do," Mr. Glen replied; "and to such exalted characters as Dr. Blick; and I pay exactly what I believe I owe."

"Such

"Such audacity, my Lord, I never saw before, and hope I never shall again," said the Doctor.

"Just as often," Glen replied, "as you presume to treat me thus."

"Presume!" said the Doctor, waddling two or three steps towards him.

"Presume," replied Glen, meeting him with firmness.

"Come in, Doctor," said Lord Grondale; "let us leave the reptile;" and the garden door was flapt to with a force which shook the wall."

CHAP. XXIII.

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THE house, in which Mrs. Merrick had lived, and of which she had had a lease for life, was to be sold. It was the property of a Mr. Jones, who had, when young, occupied it, and the little estate around it, had married, and with an income of 400*l.* a-year, had lived respected, without running in debt. Unfortunately, the death of a cousin introduced him into the possession of as many thousands per annum. He began to live, and in a few years found it convenient to sell. Bloomhill, for so this house was called, was ordered

ordered to the hammer, it having been previously offered to Lord Grondale at a price his Lordship refused to give; not because he thought it much too dear; but because, being told that it would, upon his refusal, be sold by auction, he thought nobody would dare to bid against him, and he should get it cheap. And, indeed, so persuaded was the country around that Lord Grondale, to whom it was the more desirable, as it was surrounded by his own estate, would be the purchaser at any price, that on the day of sale not many people of property attended, and those were soon silenced by the stern looks of Mr. Roger Calvart, his Lordship's agent—all but one.

About this time Lord Grondale had no company, and had given the Reverend Dr. Blick a general invitation to dinner, which had received almost as general an acceptance.

On the day of the auction, half an hour before dinner, arrived Mr. Roger Calvart, to whom



whom his Lordship gave audience in his library. This over, they entered the dining room, Mr. Calvart warm with bustle and business, Lord Grondale with vexation. An awful silence prevailed during dinner, interrupted only by his Lordship's and the Doctor's frequent call for wine.

The servants having withdrawn, the Doctor recollected the auction, and addressing Calvart, hoped he might wish his Lordship joy of the purchase.

Many an unpaternal, I might say malignant, glance had his Lordship during dinner cast upon Miss Campinet, who began to tremble, though she knew not why.

The Doctor's question was answered by Calvart only with a shake of the head; but it opened his Lordship's mouth, already predisposed to eloquence by wine.

“No,”

“ No,” said Lord Grondale, looking at his daughter, “ it is Miss Campinet you must congratulate ; it is her hero who is the fortunate purchaser.”

“ My hero, my Lord !” said the blushing Miss Campinet.

The parson was eating a nectarine ; it fell from his hand ; and his paralytic jaws denoted his profound astonishment.

“ These premises,” said his Lordship, “ which I have been laying out for so many years, which are so convenient to my estate, and in all respects so desirable a purchase, has this young coxcomb persisted in buying, when every body else had politely given up the contest. Not content with this insolence, he must add contempt to it ; for when Mr. Calvart sent a friend to him to say his opponent was bidding for Lord Grondale, and that his Lordship would consider it as an obligation if he would desist, he turned from him with

with a cursed sneer, and instantly bid 20l. more, though the rules of bidding only required 10l. But if I forgive the affront! And how the devil the fellow intends to pay for it, I cannot conceive; unless indeed he can find credit upon the strength of his favour with Miss Campinet."

"I shall be much obliged to your Lordship," said his fair daughter with some degree of spirit, "when you do Mr. Hermsprong the honour to make him the subject of your conversation, to be less personal to me, till I have really given you occasion."

"I cannot," his Lordship replied, "consider the occasion as wanting. Witness that day for ever memorable in the annals of Grondale, when the joint benevolence of this hero and heroine flowed a pure torrent through the streets of this metropolis. Witness the apprehensive spirit of the lady when any one presumes to question the gentleman's merit. Witness this purchase, which, without

out a view to your beauteous self, and these domains, is so ridiculous, that absurdity's own self would never have stumbled upon it."

"It is my duty, Sir, to bear all you chuse to inflict," said Miss Campinet, now in tears, and rising to withdraw.

"She sat like patience on a monument," cried his Lordship, as she passed the door.

Mr. Roger Calvart hung his head; the parson forgot to applaud; and Mrs. Stone, by no means a malignant woman, an enemy to Miss Campinet rather from situation than malevolence, rose and retired, saying, as she went out, "Fie, fie, my Lord!"

"Hey!" says his Lordship, "what I have been too hard upon Missie to-day, have I? Come, push the bottle, gentlemen; I am in the humour to be merry. This rascal has diverted me; if I live, I will drive the country of him."

This



This was a sentiment law and divinity could both applaud, and they began in earnest to concert ways and means; but the rapid movements of the bottle prevented any thing being cogitated, worthy such genius, conjoined to such good-will.

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#### CHAP. XXIV.

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A MONTH now passed away at Grondale Hall with tolerable peace. Mr. Herm-sprong was mostly absent from the village; Miss Campinet scarce heard the mention of his name, except when Lord Grondale chose to make him the object of his ingenious satire. If simple tranquillity be all that young ladies ever desire, she had almost all she desired. We must, however, own it was but a

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sleepy felicity, till the arrival of Miss Fluart gave it a degree of animation.

Lord Grondale, who, when out of humour one morning, had been indulging his daughter with its usual effects, was crossing the hall into his study (I had better call it his calculation room), when he was met by Mrs. Stone, with an eye rather fiery, and a cheek a little inflamed.

“ My Lord,” she said, “ did you invite young ladies here to insult me? If you did, I must tell your Lordship that——”

But she was prevented from imparting to his Lordship this piece of information, by the entry of Miss Fluart, followed by Miss Campinet.

“ My Lord, your most obedient. I hope I see you well?”

“ Much obliged to you, Miss Fluart,” his Lordship answered rather gravely; “ pretty well.”

“ I

"I have flown twenty miles this morning, to see Caroline here, and she receives me with tears. Either I am an unwelcome guest, or your Lordship must have been scolding her."

"Miss Fluart, I can reprove, and Caroline can deserve it; but I cannot condescend to scold."

"So then, you have been naughty, Caroline. My Lord, you must appoint me her governess. In one month, I dare say, I shall make her almost as wise and prudent as myself."

"Probably," answered his Lordship, half deigning to smile; "would it be one of your lessons to affront people?"

"Oh dear! whom can I have affronted?"

"A person of merit, I assure you, though she condescends to take upon herself the office of regulating my family."

"Goodness, what a mistake I have made! She was so kind as to welcome me just as a Lady Grondale would have done; so, though I had not heard of it, I concluded

your Lordship had taken a wife; accordingly I paid my respects. It surprised me, to be sure, to see her bounce off as if she was affronted; but, my dear Lord, you must make it up for me: and in return, I will take this naughty girl to her dressing-room, and correct her; so, my Lord, good morning!"

Now, it must be owned Miss Fluart did fib a little, for she knew Mrs. Stone very well; but the whim of mortifying the poor woman came into her head, who indeed did outstep propriety in her officious welcome; and whom Miss Fluart could not forgive for taking her friend's place at Lord Grondale's table.



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